POEMS
ON
Several Occaſions.
WITH
IMITATIONS
From { HORACE, OVID, MARTIAL, } { THEOCRITUS, BACHYLIDES, ANACREON, &c. }

To which is prefix'd
A Diſcourſe on *Criticiſm*, and the *Liberty* of *Writing*.
In a Letter to a Friend.

By *SAMUEL COBB*, M. A.

Non ego mendoſos auſim defendere Verſus. Ovid.

At neque, *cum ſcribo, ſi forte quid aptius exit,*
Quando hæc rara avis eſt, ſi quid tamen aptius exit,
Laudari metuam—— Perſ.

The Third Edition.

To which is added,
Poems on the Duke of *Marlborough*, Prince *Eugene*, the Electoral Prince of *Hannover*, with other Poems. Never before Printed.

LONDON:
Printed, and Sold by *James Woodward*, in St. *Chriſtopher's* Church-Yard in *Thread-needle-ſtreet*. 1710.
Price Bound 3 *s.* 6 *d.*

POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

WITH

IMITATIONS

From HORACE, THEOCRITUS,
OVID, PINDARIC, ANACREON, &c.

46
52

BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON:

Price Bound 3 s. 6 d.

A DISCOURSE ON CRITICISM AND THE Liberty of Writing.

In a Letter to *Richard Carter* Esq; late of the *Middle-Temple*, now living in *Barbadoes*.

SIR,

THE Muses *are said to be the Daughters of Memory: A Poet therefore must lay down his Title to their Favour, who can be forgetful of a Friend, like You, whose polite Knowledge, instructive Conversation, and particulur Generosity to my self, have left such strong Impressions upon my Mind, as defy the Power of Absence to remove them. I scarce believe Death it self can blot out an* Idea *so firmly imprinted. The Soul, when it leaves this earthly Habitation, and has no more Use for those Vertues, which were serviceable in the Conduct of human Life, such as* Temperance, Fortitude *and the like,*

will certainly carry Love *and* Gratitude *along with it to Heaven. This may ſuffice to let the World know what Obligations you have laid upon me.*

By this Letter (the room of which, for your ſake I could willingly have ſupply'd) you will plainly ſee, that no Place, however remote, is able to ſecure you from the Zeal of a Friend, *and the Vanity of a* Poet.

For tho' retiring to the *Weſtern Iſles*,
At the long Diſtance of five thouſand Miles,
You've chang'd *dear London* for your Native
(Seat;
And think *Barbadoes* is a ſafe Retreat;
You highly err: Nor is the *Wat'ry Fence*
Sufficient Guard againſt Impertinence.
The *Muſe*, which ſmiles on jingling Bards, like
(Me,
Has always Winds to waft her o'er the Sea.
Blow on, ye Winds, and o'er th' *Atlantick Main*,
Bear to my Gen'rous Friend this thankful
(Strain.

You ſee, Sir, I have not left off that rhyming Trick of Youth; but knowing You to be a Gentleman who loves Variety in every thing, I thought it would not be ungrateful if I checquer'd my Proſe with a little Verſe.

After this Preamble, it is preſum'd, that one who lives on the Other ſide of the Globe, will expect by every Pacquet-boat to know what is done on This. Since Your Departure, Affairs have had a ſur-

prizing

prizing Turn every where, and particularly in Italy; *which Success of our Armies and Allies abroad, have given a manifest Proof of our wise Counsels at home.* ----*Parties still run between* High *and* Low. *I shall make no Remarks on either; thinking it always more prudent, as well as more safe, to live peaceably under the Government in which I was born, rather than peevishly to quarrel with it.*

But You will cry, Who expects any thing from the Politicks of a Poet? How goes the State of *Parnassus?* What has the Battle of *Ramillies* produc'd? *What Battles generally do; bad Poets, and worse Criticks. I could not perswade my self to attempt any thing above six Lines, which had not been made, were it not at the Request of a Musical Gentleman. You will look upon them with the same Countenance you us'd to do on things of a larger Size.*

Great
Born to surprize the World, and teach the
The slippery Danger of exalted State,
Victorious *Marlbro'* to *Ramilly* flies;
Arm'd with new Lightning from bright
ANNA's Eyes.
Wonders like These, no former Age has seen;
Subjects are *Heroes*, where a Saint's the
QUEEN.

Mr. Congreve *has given the World an Ode, and prefix'd to it a Discourse on the* Pindaric Verse, *of*

which more, when I come to speak on the same Argument: There are several others on that Subject, and some which will bear the Test; one particularly, written in imitation of the Style of Spencer; *and goes under the Name of Mr.* Prior; *I have not read it through, but* ex pede Herculem. *He is a Gentleman who cannot write ill. Yet some of our* Criticks *have fell upon it, as the Viper did on the File, to the detriment of their Teeth. So that Criticism, which was formerly the Art of judging well, is now become the pure Effect of Spleen, Passion and Self-conceit. Nothing is perfect in every Part. He that expects to see any thing so, must have patience till* Dooms day. *The Worship we pay to our own Opinion, generally leads us to the Contempt of another's. This blind Idolatry of* Self *is the Mother of Errour; and this begets a secret Vanity in our* Modern Censurers, *who, when they please to* think a Meaning *for an Author, would thereby insinuate how much his Judgment is inferiour to their inlighten'd Sagacity. When, perhaps, the Failings they expose are a plain Evidence of their own Blindness.*

For to display our Candour and our Sence,
Is to discover some deep *Excellence.*
The Critick's faulty, while the Poet's free;
They raise the *Mole-hill, who want Eyes to see.*

Excrescences are easily perceiv'd by an ordinary Eye; but it requires the Penetration of a Lynceus *to discern the Depth of a good Poem; the secret*

Art-

Artfulneſs and Contrivance of it being conceal'd from a Vulgar Apprehenſion.

I remember ſomewhere an Obſervation of St. Evremont *(an Author whom you us'd to praiſe, and whom therefore I admire) that ſome Perſons, who would be Poets, which they cannot be, become Criticks which they can be. The cenſorious Grin, and the loud Laugh, are common and eaſy things, according to* Juvenal; *and according to* Scripture, *the Marks of a* Fool. *Theſe Men are certainly in a deplorable Condition, who cannot be witty, but at another's Expence, and who take an unnatural kind of Pleaſure in being uneaſy at their Own.*

Rules they can write, but, like the *College Tribe*,
Take not that Phyſick which their Rules preſcribe.

I ſcorn to praiſe a plodding, formal Fool,
Inſipidly correct, and *dull* by Rule:
Homer, with all his *Nodding*, I would chuſe,
Before the more exact *Sicilian* Muſe.
Who'd not be *Dryden*; tho' his Faults are great,
Sooner than our Laborious *Laureat*?
Not but a decent Neatneſs, I confeſs,
In *Writing* is requir'd, as well as *Dreſs*.
Yet ſtill in both the *unaffected Air*
Will always pleaſe the *Witty* and the *Fair*.

I would not here be thought to be a Patron of ſlovenly Negligence; for there is nothing which breeds a greater Averſion in Men of a Delicate Taſte.

Taſte. *Tet you know, Sir, that, after all our Care and Caution, the Weakneſs of our Nature will eternally mix it ſelf in every thing we write; and an over-curious Study of being correct, enervates the Vigour of the Mind, ſlackens the Spirits, and cramps the Genius of a* Free Writer. *He who creeps by the Shore, may ſhelter himſelf from a Storm, but is likely to make very few Diſcoveries: And the cautious Writer, who is timorous of diſobliging the captious Reader, may produce you true Grammar, and unexceptionable* Proſodia, *but moſt ſtupid Poetry.*

In vitium culpæ ducit fuga, ſi caret arte.

A ſlaviſh Fear of committing an Overſight, betrays a Man to more inextricable Errours, than the Boldneſs of an enterprizing Author, whoſe artful Careleſneſs is more inſtructive and delightful than all the Pains and Sweat of the Poring and Bookiſh Critick.

Some Failings, like Moles in a beautiful Countenance, take nothing from the Charms of a happy Compoſure, but rather heighten and improve their Value. Were our modern Reflecters Maſters of more Humanity than Learning, and of more Diſcernment than both, the Authors of the Paſt and Preſent Ages, would have no reaſon to complain of Injuſtice; nor would that Reflection be caſt upon the beſt-natur'd Nation *in the World, that, when rude and ignorant, we were unhoſpitable to Strangers, and now, being civiliz'd, we expend our Barbarity on*

one

one another. Homer *would not be ſo much the Ridicule of our* Beaux Eſprits; *when, with all his Sleepineſs, he is propos'd as the moſt exquiſite Pattern of Heroic Writing, by the Greateſt of Philoſophers, and the Beſt of Judges. Nor is* Longinus *behind hand with* Ariſtotle *in his Character of the ſame Author, when he tells us that the Greatneſs of* Homer's *Soul look'd above little Trifles (which are Faults in meaner Capacities) and hurry'd on to his Subject with a Freedom of Spirit peculiar to himſelf. A Racer at* New-market *or the* Downs, *which has been fed and dreſt, and with the niceſt Caution prepared for the Courſe, will ſtumble perhaps at a little Hillock; while the Wings of* Pegaſus *bear him o'er Hills and Mountains,*

Sub pedibuſq; videt nubes & ſydera-----

Such was the Soul of Homer: *who is more juſtly admir'd by thoſe who underſtand him, than he is derided by the Ignorant: Whoſe Writings partake as much of that Spirit, as he attributes to the Actions of his* Heroes; *and whoſe Blindneſs is more truly chargeable on his* Criticks, *than on* Himſelf: *who, as he wrote without a Rule, was himſelf a Rule to ſucceeding Ages. Who as much deſerves that Commendation which* Alcibiades *gave to* Socrates, *when he compar'd him to the Statues of the* Sileni, *which to look upon, had nothing beautiful and ornamental; but open them, and there you might diſcover the Images of all the Gods and Goddeſſes.*

Who

A Prefatory Diſcourſe.

Who knows the ſecret Springs of the Soul, and thoſe ſudden Emotions, which excite illuſtrious Men, to act and ſpeak out of the Common Road? *They ſeem irregular to Us by reaſon of the Fondneſs and Bigottry we pay to* Cuſtom, *which is no Standard to the Brave and the Wiſe. The Rules we receive in our firſt Education, are laid down with this Purpoſe, to reſtrain the* Mind; *which by reaſon of the Tenderneſs of our Age, and the ungovernable Diſpoſition of Young Nature, is apt to ſtart out into Exceſs and Extravagance. But when Time has ripen'd us, and Obſervation has fortify'd the Soul, we ought to lay aſide thoſe common Rules with our Leading-ſtrings; and exerciſe our Reaſon with a free, generous and manly Spirit. Thus a* Good Poet *ſhould make uſe of a Diſcretionary Command; like a* Good General, *who may rightly wave the vulgar Precepts of the Military School (which may confine an ordinary Capacity, and curb the Raſh and Daring) if by a new and ſurprizing Method of Conduct, he find out an uncommon Way to Glory and Succeſs.*

Bocalin, *the* Italian *Wit, among his other odd Advertiſements, has this remarkable one, which is parallel to the preſent Diſcourſe. When* Taſſo *(ſays he) had preſented* Apollo *with his* Poem, *call'd* Giuraſalemme Liberata; *the* Reformer *of the* Delphic Library, *to whoſe Peruſal it was committed, found fault with it, becauſe it was not written according to the Rules of* Ariſtotle; *which affront being complain'd of,* Apollo *was highly in-*

tens'd,

cens'd, and chid Aristotle *for his Presumption in daring to prescribe Laws and Rules to the high Conceptions of the* Virtuosi, *whose Liberty of Writing and Inventing, enrich'd the Schools and Libraries with gallant Compositures; and to enslave the Wits of Learned Men, was to rob the World of those alluring Charms which daily flow'd from the Productions of Poets, who follow the Dint of their own unbounded Imagination. You will find the rest in the 28th Advertisement.*

The Moral is instructive; because to judge well and candidly, we must wean our selves from a slavish Bigotry to the Ancients. For, tho' Homer *and* Virgil, Pindar *and* Horace *be laid before us as Examples of exquisite Writing in the Heroic and Lyric Kind, yet, either thro' the Distance of Time, or Diversity of Customs, we can no more expect to find like Capacities, than like Complexions. Let a Man follow the Talent that Nature has furnish'd him with, and his own Observation has improv'd, we may hope to see Inventions in all Arts, which may dispute Superiority with the best of the* Athenian *and* Roman *Excellencies.*

Nec minimum meruêre decus vestigia Græca
Ausi deserere.------

It is another Rule of the same Gentleman, that we should attempt nothing beyond our Strength: There are some modern Milo's *who have been wedg'd in that Timber which they strove to rend. Some have fail'd in the Lyric Way who have been excellent*

lent in the Dramatic. And, Sir, would you not think a Phyſician would gain more Profit and Reputation by Hippocrates *and* Galen *well-ſtudied, than by* Homer *and* Virgil *ill-copied?*

Horace, *who was as great a Maſter of Judgment, as he was an Inſtance of Wit, would have laid the Errours of an eſtabliſh'd Writer on a pardonable Want of Care, or excus'd them by the Infirmity of Human Nature; he would have wondred at the corrupt Palates now a-days, who quarrel with their Meat, when the Fault is in their Taſte. To reform which, if our Moderns would lay aſide the malicious Grin and drolling Sneer, the Paſſions and Prejudices to Perſons and Circumſtances, we ſhould have better Poems, and juſter Criticiſms. Nothing caſts a greater Cloud on the Judgment than the Inclination (or rather Reſolution) to praiſe or condemn, before we ſee the Object. The Rich and the Great lay a Trap for Fame, and have always a numerous Crowd of ſervile Dependants, to clap their Play, or admire their Poem.*

For noble Scriblers are with Flattery fed,
And none dare tell their Fault who eat their Bread.

* *Dryden's Perſ.*

Juvenal *ſhews his Averſion to this Prepoſſeſſion, when his old diſguſted Friend gives this among the reſt of his Reaſons why he left the Town,*

------Mentiri neſcio: librum
Si malus eſt, nequeo laudare & poſcere.

To conquer Prejudice is the part of a Philoſopher; and to diſcern a Beauty is an Argument of

good

good Sense and Sagacity; and to find a Fault with Allowances for human Frailty, is the Property of a Gentleman.

Who then is this Critick? You will find him in Quintilius Varus, *of* Cremona, *who when any Author shew'd him his Composure, laid aside the* Fastus *common to our supercilious Readers; and when he happen'd on any Mistake,* Corrige sodes Hoc aiebat & hoc.

Such is the Critick I would find, and such would I prove my self to others. I am sorry I must go into my Enemies Country to find out another like him. Our English *Criticks having taken away a great deal from the Value of their Judgment, by dashing it with some splenetick Reflections. Like a certain Nobleman mention'd by my Lord* Verulam, *who when he invited any Friends to Dinner, always gave a disrelish to the Entertaiment by some cutting malicious Jest.*

The French *then seem to me to have a truer Taste of the ancient Authors than ever* Scaliger *or* Heinsius *could pretend to.* Rapin, *and above all,* Bossu, *have done more Justice to* Homer *and to* Virgil, *to* Livy *and* Thucydides, *to* Demosthenes *and to* Cicero, *&c. and have bin more beneficial to the Republick of Learning, by their nice Comparisons and Observations, than all the honest Labours of those well-meaning Men, who rummage* musty Manuscripts *for* various Lections. *They did not* Insistere in ipso cortice, verbisq; interpretandis intenti nihil ultra petere, (*as* Dacier *has it*) *but*

search'd

ſearch'd the inmoſt Receſſes, open'd their Myſteries, and (as it were) call'd the Spirit of the Author from the Dead. It is for this Le Clerc (*in his* Bibliotheque Choiſie, *Tom.* 9. *p.* 328.) *commends St.* Evremont's *Diſcourſes on* Saluſt *and* Tacitus, *as alſo his Judgment on the Ancients, and blames the Grammarians, becauſe they give us not a Taſte of Antiquity after his Method, which would invite our Polite Gentlemen to ſtudy it with a greater Appetite. Whereas their Manner of Writing, which takes Notice only of Words, Cuſtoms, and chiefly Chronology, with a blind Admiration of all they read, is unpleaſant to a fine Genius, and deters it from the purſuit of the* Belles Lettres.

I ſhall ſay no more at preſent on this Head, but proceed to give you an Account of the following Sheets. What I have attempted in them is moſtly of the Pindaric and the Lyric Way. I have not follow'd the Strophe *and* Antiſtrophe; *neither do I think it neceſſary; beſides I had rather err with Mr.* Cowley, *who ſhew'd us the Way, than be flat and in the right with others.*

Mr. Congreve, *an ingenious Gentleman, has affirm'd, I think too haſtily, that in each particular Ode the Stanza's are alike, whereas the laſt Olympick has two* Monoſtrophicks *of different Meaſure, and Number of Lines.*

The Pacquet-boat is juſt going off, I am afraid of miſſing Tide. You may expect the reſt on the Pindaric Style. *In the mean time I beg leave to ſubſcribe my ſelf,*

Sir, Your ever Obedient and
Obliged Servant,

Samuel Cobb.

Poems, &c.

On ſeveral Occaſions.

To His MAJESTY.

In imitation of *Horace. Ode* 15*th. Lib.* 4.

Phœbus volentem prælia me loqui
Victas & Urbes, &c.

I Tun'd the Lute, and ſtrait begun
To play of Wars and Battles won:
Of Sieges and Heroic Things;
Of routed Armies, vanquiſh'd Kings:
Till *Phœbus*, to reprove my Care,
With haſte did to my Song repair,
And check'd the trembling Strings.

Deſiſt, he ſaid, nor dare in vain
Beyond thy peaceful, humble ſtrain;
Nor tempt with ſlender Sails the Dangers of the (Main.

II.

What Age, O *William*, ever equall'd Thine?
By Thee the World is happy made,
Whether it fly for refuge to thy ſhade,
Or ſeek the bleſſings of thy glorious ſhine.
The Healthy Farmer walks around
Th' extended Acres of his Ground
With pleaſure and delight to ſee
The Hills with yellow plenty crown'd,
And bleſſes Heav'n and Thee.
Under Thy clam auſpicious Reign
The careful Merchant dreads no more
French Malice, but ſecurely ploughs the Main
To fartheſt *China*, or the Weſtern ſhore.

The

The Sea it ſelf, Thy Empire, now
Uncurls it's rough tempeſtuous Brow.
Now every Face begins to ſhine,
And every Heart where Anger dwelt,
Does now into Compaſſion melt,
Taught Gentleneſs by Thine.

III.

Naſſovian Heroe! under Thee
All, but Licentiouſneſs, is free.
Profaneneſs, and the ſpreading Train
Of numerous Vices, you reſtrain;
You curb th' Exceſſes of the Land
By your Example and Command,
And call back Ancient Arts again.
Arts, which, in hardy *Edgar's* days,
Advanc'd the loſty *Britiſh* Name,

Extending his Dominions, and his Praiſe
O'er the *Virginian* and the *German* Seas.
Till, under Thee, Imperial *England*'s Fame
Is to remoteſt ſhores and Iſlands ſpread
From the Sun's Riſing to his Weſtern Bed.

IV.

No Civil Diſcord ſhall create
Diviſions, and embroil the State,
No Jars in *Europe* ſhall prevail,
While the *Britannick Cæſar* holds the Scale,
And moderates her Fate.
No Wrath, nor Hatred ſhall appear,
Which forms the Gun, and points the Spear.
To which unhappy Nations owe
Their Enmity and Overthrow.
Great Arbitrator of the World, *NASSAW!*

Whoſe

Whoſe bold Preſumption dares tranſgreſs
Thy ſtabliſh'd Articles of Peace,
Or diſobey thy Law?
The *Turkiſh* and *Venetian* Power,
With thoſe who dwellnigh *Danow's* ſounding Shore,
Or *Ruſſian Moſcow*, or the *German Rhine*,
Thy Friendſhip court, Thy Aid implore
To carry on ſome Great Deſign:
And for a Peace, or for a Truce,
Thy prudent Mediation chuſe,
And in Confederacy joyn.

V.

For thy important Reign, and length of Years
All Temples eccho with our Prayers.
For Thee the comely *Britiſh* Dame
Sollicits Heav'n with lifted Eyes,
For Thee her tender hopes implores the Skies,

And with imperfect Speech lisps the *Nassovian*
(Name.

While We above a common flight will soar,
And in loud numbers tell,
Numbers unheard of and unknown before,
Who for their Countries Cause, like *Grafton* fell,
Or bled, like *Talmarsh*, on the *Gallick* shore.
Thus will we sing, thus shall our measures flow,
Joyn'd with the skilful Harmony of *BLOW*.
Thus o'er a Glass of Generous Wine,
From the *Burgundian* fetch'd, or *Florentine*,
In never-dying Verse we'll trace
The Glories of the *British* Race,
And sing each God-like Hero's Acts, from *Brutus*
(down to Thine.

A Pindaric Ode, Occaſion'd by the Succeſſion of Spain, *the Wars in the* North, *and the Juncture of Affairs in the Year of our Lord* 1700. *in the* 13*th of the Reign of King* William *the Third.*

THe Muſe, which taught the *Theban* Swan
To ſtretch his Silver wings, and ſoar
Where Vulgar Pinions never can,
In Regions of the Sky, unknown before:
She, Queen of Numbers, who could raiſe
The Voice of *PRIOR* to a pitch ſo high,
As might with envy'd *Cowley* vye,
When liſsning to his Lays,
Old ſmiling *Janus* bleſt the new-born Century.
Now from her Airy Bower deſcends,

* *Carmen Seculare.*

(Not always the Companion of the Great)
To honour Things of meaner ſtate,
And to My Song attentive bends.
As *Cytherea's* feign'd to fly
From amorous Gods, and leave the Sky,
To bleſs with a Divine embrace
Some Favourite of Mortal Race,
And there diſcloſe the Luſtre of her Eye,
And each Ambroſial Grace.

II.

She calls me with a Voice, as would excell
Th' *Orphean*, could the golden Lyre
And charming Tongue again conſpire
To vindicate *Eurydice* from Hell.
Lo! from this abject Earth ſhe ſeems to bear
Me, through untrodden Air.
Like *Virgil's* Fame, ſhe flies
O'er tracts of Sea, and ſpacious Land,
Where-e're *Naſſovian* Arms command,

Her

Her Foot upon the Ground, her Head above the (Skies,
There views the Deſert *Æther* round; a Place
Where Nothing lives, the blue, expanded (Space
There ſees the Stars, which rule the Night,
Which in the Sky, like a Republick, ſway
With ſcattered and imperfect Light,
Whoſe Beams more happily unite
In the Great Monarch of the Day.

III.

Not all the rowling Lamps above will dare
With the *Phebean* to compare.
Nor can th' united Wit of Man below
With all his fondneſs and pretence
To Buſineſs, Management and Senſe,
Such Univerſal Rays beſtow
As the *NASSOVIAN* Influence.
Whether He leave his Native ſeat
To warm us with his kindly heat:

Or if He please to lift the Dart
And take Religion's injur'd part.
Like that Young God he flies, by *Homer* sung,
Descending from *Olympus*, to the Aid,
Of the wrong'd Priest, and ravish'd Maid,
When the vindictive Quiver on his shoulders hung,
And from his silver Bow the poison'd Arrow rung.
Fond *Agamemnon*! to provoke
Apollo's pestilential stroke.
What Heroes thro' Thy Passion slain
Of Thee in *Stygian* Groves complain!
Of Thee, whose blinded Lust could dare
The Pious Virgin to detain,
And combat against Innocence and Prayer.

IV.

Wrongs to Revenge, and Succour the Distrest,
William was always nigh,
At the soft warning of a Sigh,
To thousand Ills expos'd his Valiant Breast.

Op-

Oppreſſion trembled at his Sight,
And ſunk into the Womb of Night,
Too impotent to bear ſo great a Light.
Soon as that Hydra, Faction, roſe,
She ſaw, and ſtagger'd at his dazling ſhine,
Nor durſt her Multiplying Heads oppoſe
To Vertue ſo Divine.
For *William*, if his Counſel Fails,
Shakes but his Thunder, and prevails.
If on the *Gallick* or the *Northern* Shore,
From Oaken Walls his Cannons rore.
He frights the bold, preſumptuous Crew,
As Ancient *Jove* is ſaid to do.
When he hurl'd *Typhon* from th' affected Skies
To bellow under *Ætna*; where,
Bruis'd with the marks of Heav'nly Wrath, he fries
In rowling Sulphur, and when e're
He ſhifts his brawny ſide below,
Above he ſhakes th' Eternal Snow.

Still eager to renew his Ancient War,
Still to retort new Mountains at the Thunderer.

V.

In vain he toſſes Fire, in vain
He bites his Adamantine Chain,
Struggles with Heav'n's Decree, and Everlaſting Pain.
Juſt Penance! for the Wretch who dare,
War againſt the Gods declare.
Tho' to the Vulgar this a Fable ſeem,
Or ſome Poetic, Idle Dream.
Dorſet, ſagacious *Halliſax*, and Thoſe
To whom the Muſe her Secrets does betray,
Whom She inſtructs in her myſterious way,
This dark *Ænigma* can diſcloſe;
And with *Lynceau* Eye,
Conceal'd to meaner Sight the Depth of this Vaſt Stream diſcry.
In *Typhon* They behold the Fall
Of the Vain *Ruſſian*, and ambitious *Gaul*.

This

This th' unhewn *Muſcovite* can tell,
Who ſtruck with *Swediſh* Lightning, fell
Down from his Airy Steep, to prove
Ten thouſand Gyants are no odds to *Jove.*
Imperious Death! on that Triumphant Day,
How didſt Thou feaſt! how riot on thy Prey!
When * *Charles*, like a *Guſtavus*, roſe
And through arm'd Myriads of his Foes
Mow'd his Victorious Way.
Let *Narva* tell, how many Leagues the Slain
Lay diſmembred on the Plain,
Tell, how her VVaters bluſh'dwith an inglorious
(Stain

VI.

Nor ſtops the *Northern* Worthy here,
Swiftly he urges on his fiery Career,
Th' Apoſtate *Saxon* quakes, and warlike *Polan-*
(*der.*

* Chi. 12. *King of* Sweden.

So

So early *Charles* purſues
The ſteps of *William*, and creates new buſineſs (for the Muſe.
Next to Godlike *William*'s Name,
In th' Eternal Book of Fame.
Write him, O *Clio*, and prepare a place
Among the Heroes of Immortal Race,
In Valours Temple let him ſit
With *Roman Julius*, or our great *Plantagenet*;
Let all to the *Naſſovian* Name Submit.
All to Superiour Greatneſs bow,
Bring Olive to his Hands, and Laurel to his Brow.
Tell us, who at the Twentyeth Summer run
The Courſe of Fame, when *Philip*'s Son
With all his hopes in Prophecy begun.
Propp'd on his Genius, *William* leads
To Conqueſt, and Heroic Deeds,
Nor Oracle, nor Omen needs;
Nor Armour to defend his Breaſt,

Such as Rome's *boaſted Father wore,*
Or ſuch as ſtern Pelides *bore,*
At the Sea-Godeſs's Requeſt.

Or ſuch as to the Britiſh *Arthur* did belong,
By whoſe inchanted blaze, in *Spencer*'s Song,
The curſed *Paynim* fell; while *Saxons* mourn
The Deſolation of his Flaming *Calliburn.*

No: it is leſs than *William*, to deſire
A magick Shield, or Sword, or Dart
At *Lemnos* forg'd in *Vulcan's* fire,
Or charm'd by *Merlin's* horrid Art;
No Armour like his Cauſe, no Weapon like his Heart.

VII.

Whether the Princely Youth ingage
With *Luxemburg's* experienc'd Age,
Or with cool Wiſdom temper *Conde's* Rage,
No Forces could unhinge his Mind,
No Arts his cautious ſteps incloſe,
Arts, which his Generous Soul declin'd,
And piti'd in his Foes.

So

So thinly ſpun is Human ſleight!
So feeble is *Borbonian* Wit,
When aim'd at Heav'n's peculiar Favourite!
Batavia, witneſs how Thy Heroe flew
To ſnatch Thee, like a flaming Brand,
From the fierce Ravager's deſtroying hand,
Thy Provinces reſeize, Thy Liberty renew.
As a brave Eagle, when ſhe finds the Neſt
Robb'd, where her future Heroes us'd to reſt,
Stays not to mourn, but through the Liquid Sky
Sails with full Wing to ſeek her Barb'rous Enemy,
She does at laſt the greedy Vulture ſpy
Lodg'd on ſome Mountain's top, or lofty Tree,
A helpleſs, undefending Sanctuary.
People below with wonder and affright
Behold the Noble Fight.
But She, who muſt *Jove's* Thunder bear,
Buffets the Daſtard, and redeems the Prey,
And gives ſure Omens of a better Day,

When

When, ripening to the Strength and Force
Of her *Imperial* Anceſtors,
She ſhall the ſtruggling Dragon dare,
Provok'd by Hunger, or the Thirſt of War,
And lead her Triumph o'er the wide Dominions (of the Air.

VIII.

Lo! from the well hatch'd Seeds of Time, (what Fate
Had regiſtred *To Be*, the Months and Days
Leap forth in all their decency, and Rays,
Miraculouſly bright and great,
And all the future Year's reſerv'd for *WILLIAM*'s (Praiſe.
Enough of Actions paſt; now look,
My Muſe, in thy Myſterious Book;
Rowl o'er the next Immortal Page,
And View what's deſtin'd for maturer Age.
I ſee it: 'tis a vaſt *Herculean* Task
Which will Collected *William* ask.

Deſcend, O *Clio*, and if near the Stream
Of Father *Cam*, or *Iſis* you delight
To bleſs the ſacred Poet's Dream,
And ſuccour his Auſpicious Flight.
Or with thy Voice, or with thy Strings
Lament the * Funeral of Kings.
See! a large Field lies open to thy View,
And the whole World is thy Purliew.
Whether the *Eaſtern* Iſlands you behold,
Or Weſtern *Mexico*, or rich *Peru*,
(The fertil Womb of fatal Gold)
All mourning for the Monarch loſt, and fearing
for the † New.

IX.

We call him happy, who is doom'd to wear
A Diadem beſieg'd with care.
Miſtaken Notion! not to know
What Thorns on Crowns and Scepters grow,

* *Alluding to the Death of* Charles 2d. *K. of* Spain.
† *Duke of* Anjou.

The

The ſplendid Ornaments of pompous Woe.
Is it for this perfidious *Bourbon's* Pride
Would o'er inſulted Nations Ride,
And ſail to Empire through a Sanguine Tide?
For this ſo many Leagues he breaks,
For this ſo many Widows makes;
For this ſo oft the Virgin ſighs,
So oft his Iron Hand has wrung
Tears from the humble Shepherds Eyes,
And Curſes from his Tongue.

X.

Beauteous *Iberia*! once a potent State,
Magnificent and Fortunate!
With Thy own *Indies* Thou art ſold,
And wilt, I fear, repent, as *Midas* did of old,
Thy Thirſt and Avarice of Gold.
How often wilt Thou wiſh in vain
For the grim *Moor*, the *Suevian*, or *Alane*,
The *Vandal* or the *Goth*, a milder Reign?

They, like a Torrent, pouring from a Hill,
And boiſtrous as the *North*, from whence they (came,
Ravage Thy Lands, and all thy Countries fill
With Slaughter, and depopulating Flame.
Th' intriguing *Gaul*, like a diſſembling Sea,
Whoſe Smiling waters ſteal below the ground
Eats under, the Foundation to betray,
Taught through the weaken'd Earth to work (it's way,
And with a burſting Quake the tottering Ball con- (found.

XI.

For this *Europa*, like a Sacrifice,
The Sword juſt lifted, on the Altar lies;
Hark! how ſhe knocks her Lovely Breaſt, and (wounds the Suffering Skies.
Like that *Phœnician* Dame,
From whence ſhe drew her Name,

When

When the laſcivious and Impoſtor-God,
Laid down his Heav'nly Arms, and that command-
(ing Nod,
With which he rules the Powers Above,
Degrading his Divinity for Love.
When on his milky Shoulders through the Sea,
He bore His beauteous, panting Prey.
In vain on the *Sidonian* Strand
Her fellow Virgins weeping ſtand;
In vain to th' unattentive Sky
Europa lifts her ſnowy hand,
And calls on *Jove*; but thinks not *Jove* ſo nigh.
With the falſe Waves the traiterous Winds con-
(ſpire
Againſt th' afflicted Fair,
To gratifie th' Immortal Thief's deſire,
And blow each gentle ſigh away, and each
(ingaging Prayer,
But O, *Europa*, now forget to fear,

For in his own Majeſtick ſhape.
Behold thy better *Jupiter* appear,
Not to beguile Thee to a Rape,
But ſave Thee from the Raviſher.

XII.

That *Gallick* Pride, which many years has ſtrove
To ſatisfie his large, inſatiate Love,
Still like the fabled Heav'nly Luſt of old,
Try'd all his Strength, and all his Charms,
To graſp the Virgin to his Arms.
He ſhook his Thunder, and he rain'd his Gold.
Till long-departed Juſtice came below,
With awful ſtep ſhe march'd, and dreadful to behold,
Like the *German*, ſtern and bold,
Her Vengeance certain, tho' her Motion ſlow.
Lead on, *Aſtræa*, thy Triumphant way,
And to th' affrighted World diſplay

Aloft thy bloody Banner, to chaſtiſe
Succeſsful Rapine and abſolve the Skies.
Down from the *Alpin* Hills her Armies pour,
Eridanus is with amazement ſtruck,
And wonders why the Mountain ſhook,
Convulſions never felt before,
Such Thunder never heard to rore,
Since *Phaeton* fell headlong from the Sky
She now no Second Fall can fear,
But thinks the God himſelf is nigh,
When ſhe beholds his Eagle there.

XIII.

Let wiſe Impiety be dumb,
Like her own thoughtleſs Deity become.
Which neither rule nor order keeps,
But in Eternal eaſe ſupinely ſleeps.
Madneſs! behold God's ſtrange Myſterious (way,
How ſure his Arrows fly, no random play;

So lingring is his Wrath! so fatal his Delay!
To raise the weak, and mortify the proud,
See marching from afar
His Ministers of Wrath, a formidable Crowd,
With all the horrid clang of a tumultuous War,
Fierce as his Lightning, as his Thunder loud.
Loud as the Water-falls of *Nile*,
When they with mighty flow
Rowl from some *Æthiopian* Hill,
And drown or deafen all below.
When *Savoy*'s *Eugene* and his Fortunes lead the way,
O *Italy*, how frail is Thy Pretence
Of Nature's strong and rocky Fence!
In vain thy Rivers swell, in vain thy *Alps* obstruct his stay
When He of old to Victory was flown,
The Moon of *Ottoman* began to wane,
The Lesser Stars grew pale, which fill'd her Eastern train;

Nor

Nor does the *Turkiſh* Majeſty alone,
Bow to his Awful Name;
But onward marching, his Triumphant Fame
Knocks at *Verſailles*, and ſhakes the *Celtick* (Throne.

XIV.

Where Purple Cruelty in haughty ſtate,
Preſides, Tyrannically Great:
Moves Arbitrary in his Orb of Light,
Till urg'd by the Decrees of Fate,
From his high Solſtice in his fulleſt blaze
He takes his Ignominious flight,
Rowls backward his diminiſh'd Rays,
And in ſucceeding Darkneſs ends the Glory of (his Days.

Yet ſleep not, *Albion*; for, with armed (Hand
And watchful Eyes, thy Foes around thee ſtand.
Nay, thy own Sons, with thy beſt Bleſſings fed,
Conſpire againſt thy ſacred Head,

To drive Thee to the laſt extream;
While their black Malice, and ingrateful Wit
Does like the *Augur's* Razor ſeem,
Which cut the Hone that ſharpened it.
But Heav'n has nodded with a firm conſent
To guard thy Iſland from her Cruel Foes,
And all their fruitleſs Treachery prevent
Who dare with Force, or golden Arms oppoſe
Thy NAVY, *and Thy* PARLIAMENT.

NICANDER.

A Paſtoral Elegy, lamenting the Death of that Victorious Monarch William *the Third, who dy'd on the 8th Day of* March 170½. *Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable* Charles *Lord* Hallifax.

YE tuneful Siſters of the ſacred Throng,
Whom *Sylvan* Shades delight, and Rural Song;
Whether reſiding by *Oxonian* Streams,
Or pleas'd with Reverend *Cam*, or ſilver *Thames*:
Whatever Lakes your Deities poſſeſs,
Whatever Groves your Smiles and Graces bleſs,
In your rude Weeds, and ruſtick Plainneſs fair,
As once to *Colin's* Verſe, to mine repair,
And make it worthy *Halifax's* care,

O Thou, who couldſt *Nicander's* Acts relate,
And only fit to mourn *Nicander's* Fate,
Suſpend thy Tranſports, and diviner ſtrains,
And liſten to the voice of weeping Swains.
While every Tree attended to their Lays,
Witneſs'd how juſt their Sorrow, and their praiſe.

Nigh *Kentiſh Downs*, from whence you may ſurvèy,
England's tall Bulwarks floating on the Sea.
On a Hill's ſunny top young *Melan* ſtood
Surpriz'd, and gazing on the moving Wood.
A ſudden warmth his generous mind poſſeſt,
Inflam'd his Fancy, and inlarg'd his Breaſt.
The Fields he ſcorn'd, and would no care beſtow
On his ſoft woolly Charge, which fed below.
On a high Subject he preſum'd to ſing,
Promis'd new Glories to th' inſuing Spring
From two ſuch Helps, the NAVY, and the KING.

While

While Strength and Wealth in happy Union meet,
A giving Senate, and a potent Fleet.
He thought how ſafe Fair *Albion* might repoſe,
By Seas begirt, and fenc'd with Walls, like thoſe.
He ſaw, **Buſiris*, thy approaching Fate,
But thought, (poor Swain!) *Nicander's* would be (late.
Oft on *Nicander's* Genius would he call,
Urge on the ruin of the Faithleſs *Gaul*;
His Throne ſhall totter, when thy Thunder rores,
And ſhakes his falſe, unhoſpitable Shores.
Deferring Heav'n his Juſtice ſhall diſplay,
And ſpeak a Vengeance fatal by Delay.

Thus did the Youth purſue his noble choice,
And dar'd above a Shepherd's humble voice.
He ſung *Nicander*, Valorous and Young,
Surpaſſing ev'n the Race, from whence he ſprung.
Told how he ſav'd the rich *Batavian* Soil
When Crown'd with Victory, and cloath'd with (Spoil,

* *K. of* F.

From

From Blood, from Slaughter and from *Mons* he (came,

The *Gallick* Genius droop'd, and fled before his (Flame.

What Lambent Fire did round his Temples (ſhine,

When on the conſcious banks of trembling *Boyne*
He ſtood? the flying Stream confeſt her fear,
Saw that no common Majeſty was near.

Nor was all Fortune; for the tuneful Swain
Led him thro' Dangers, and o'er heaps of Slain;
From *Steinkirk* Field, to *Landen's* bloody Plain.

How the pale Nymphs thro' with'ring Grotto's (ran!

The Fountains wept, the Trees to fade began.
In hollow Caves oft were ſad Ecchoes heard;
All, but *Nicander*, for *Nicander* fear'd.

(Grace

But the Nymphs ceas'd to mourn, a ſudden
Adorn'd the Trees, and Nature's chearful Face.

Safe

Safe he return'd from War's unkind Alarms,
At Home rewarded with *Maria's* Charms.
The Valleys round new verdant Garments wore,
And Flowers ſprung up where they ne'r grew before.
Darling of Heav'n! Thy Preſence is Divine
To bleſs our Meadows, and preſerve our Kine,
And guard 'em from bewitching Eyes, with Thine,

Such was that Heroe whom the Shepherd praiſd
When to a higher Note his voice he rais'd,
While, careleſs of their Food below, the liſ'ning Cattle gaz'd
But ah! when Heav'n ſuch mighty Bleſſing pours
On Man, they fall and dy, like haſty Showers.
For lo! not far a Shepherd in Deſpair
Appears, with haggard Looks, and matted Hair,
Sad ſigns of ſorrow, and of wondrous Care.
Thyrſis, the Name of that unhappy Swain,
The Herdſmen follow'd, a lamenting Train.

Soon

Soon as young *Melan* hears their doleful Tale,
His Colour fades, his ſinking Spirits fail.
Then on the Ground his wretched Corpſe he caſt,
Fell, like a Pine, rent by ſome Northern Blaſt.
His folded hands uplifted to the Skies,
While ſcalding Rivers gutter'd from his Eyes,
Thus he began; O no, ye Powers above,
No more be fam'd for Gentleneſs and Love;
You, who ſo mild and merciful appear,
On that ſad Morn why were you ſo ſevere?
Like ſome rude Hands, more cruel and unkind
To ſpringing Roſes, than the Sun or Wind.
The riſing Greatneſs you refuſe to ſpare,
And crop that Vertue which no Storm can tear.

But we reſign, ſince Heav'n requires his own,
Submit with Patience, and reſtore the Loan.
Yet give me this laſt Comfort to lament,
And from my guſhing Eyes my Sorrow vent.

As

As your lov'd Shepherd mourn'd on *Iſrael*'s Plains,
Not more profuſely, tho' in nobler Strains.
His lofty Pipe could breath a louder ſound,
When with harmonious grief he curs'd the ground
Where weltring in his Gore his Friend was found.
No : I'll not curſe the Hills, nor flow'ry Dales ;
Let the ſweet Dew deſcend, and fill the Vales :
Ye barren Mountains, be o'erflown with Rain,
Then ſpend your Moiſture, and with me complain.
Nicander !----from his Eyes freſh Rivers rowl'd,
Each Swain was ſtruck at the ſad Tale he told,
Mute as the Grave, and as *Nicander* cold.
Grief and Amazement fill'd the mournful place,
And a dumb Horror reign'd in every Face ;
Till *Thyrſis* gently rais'd the fainting Swain,
Riſe, *Melan*, and purſue thy Tragick Strain.
Whether you raiſe *Nicander* to the Skies,
Or mourn the mighty Dead, in Verſe which never
(dies.
A Task of wond'rous Praiſe.----

Mel.——————A Task indeed
Superiour, and unſuited to my Reed.
Yet could my Voice riſe to a pitch ſo great
As his, who mourn'd *Paſtora*'s cruel Fate,
My Grief above the Vulgar ſhould appear,
And offer ſomething Nobler than a Tear.

Thy. Tears are the Claim of every *Northern* Swain;
You muſt perform above a common Vein.
The Willows chide thee, and the fading Graſs,
And murm'ring Streams upbraid thee, as they paſs.
The conſcious *Zephyrs*, and th' unwilling Air,
With Grief to yonder Shore the heavy Tidings bear.
And wilt thou, careleſs Swain, forget to ſhow
What to *Nicander's* Memory you owe?
Mel. Ah! no, my *Thyrſis*, I've no Thought ſo (low.
Sooner ſhall Thyme prove hateful to the Bee,
Woods to the Boar, and to the Whale the Sea;
Tygers with Lambs, & Wolves with Sheep ſhall join,
And *Thames* and *Medway* mingle with the *Rhine*,

E're from *Nicander*'s Love I will depart,
Rooted for endleſs Ages in my Heart.
E're on his Vertues I forget to call,
Or ceaſe with Tears to mourn his *mighty Fall.*

Say, what dark Caverns, what ſecure Receſs
Doſt thou, *Nicander*, with thy Preſence bleſs?
Doſt thou to ſtarry Groves above repair,
Where ſweet Celeſtial Nymphs, divinely fair,
Knit roſie Garlands for thy golden Hair?
Why haſt thou left theſe Plains, theſe Flocks alone?
They for their Shepherds pine, for thee their (Shepherds moan.
Has Malice drove thee from this hated Shore?
Never! oh! never to behold it more!
Or envious Planets ſnatch'd thee from our ſight,
To add new Luſtre to their drooping Light?

Whene're *Nicander* plough'd the watry Plain,
Safely he paſt the Dangers of the Main.

Rude Winds were chain'd: no Tempeſt vex'd the Sea,
But all was gentle, and as calm as He.
With endleſs prayers Heav'n's vaulted Roof we rent,
As oft it eccho'd with the praiſe we ſent.
Now vain are all the Vows we can beſtow,
H'es gone, alas! (O Scene of endleſs woe!)
On his laſt Voyage to the ſhades below.
On *Albion's* Iſle he ſhook his ſacred Head,
Caſt back his wiſhing Eyes, and dying, ſaid,
A long Farewell, be happy, when I'm dead.
Bear the ſad news, ye Winds, ye *Zephyrs* weep,
No more to waft your Maſter o'er the Deep.
Like us, ye Seas, ſpend all your brackiſh ſtore,
And let the falling Clouds ſupply You more.
Tho' we, and *Holland* ſhould all Tears ingroſs.
Whoſe groaning Lyons ſeem to mourn the loſs.
What Sighs are blown from either Coaſt! while She
Mourns for a Son, but for a Father We.

A Father, fearleſs in the heat of Fight,
Whom Death in all his Shapes could never fright.
Mark, how profuſe of his important Life
Forward he ſpurs, and mingles in the ſtrife.
As if ſuch precious blood would nothing coſt,
When Kingdoms tremble for each drop that's loſt.
Ah! ſpare thy Soul, *Nicander*, ſpare to run
On pointed Swords, and Dangers of the Gun;
The heedleſs Pike will gore thy tender Side,
Or ſome malicious *Gaul* thy Fleſh divide.
Or Froſts will hurt Thee, or the Damps unſound,
When Evening Dews affect th' unwholſom ground.
But Damps and Dews were to *Nicander* kind,
Their Venom ſcatter'd by a Friendly Wind.
While Bullets tamely flew thro' hiſſing Air,
And only mark'd whom they had charge to ſpare.
O had He longer kept his ſacred Breath,
Nor fell inglorious by a bloodleſs Death!

On *France* the grief of *Albion* had turn'd,
And the *League-breaker* had unpity'd mourn'd.

But Heav'n is juſt, and we deſerve our Fate,
Who raſhly murmur'd at a Gift ſo great
Pay your laſt Tribute, Shepherds, to his Herſe,
With Tears bedew it, and adorn with Verſe.
'Tis the ſad Spoils of that Triumphant King,
Of whom each Grove, each Meadow us'd to ring,
Now a pale Carcaſs, an unheeded thing.
No more thoſe Arms the glittering Sword ſhall wield,
No more ſhall thunder in the duſty Field.
No more ſhall Rivers at his Voice retire,
Mo more ſhall Caſtles tremble at his Fire.

Mourn him, ye Heroes, of the *Britiſh* Race;
Glory of Arms, and Valour's higheſt Grace.
He taught you Arts the Martial Dance to lead,
The Spear to brandiſh, and to curb the Steed.

The

The Foe to fright, and frighted to purſue,
Schemes, which no Time, no Nations ever knew.
Speak, ye ſhrill Trumpets, in a ſofter Tone,
And ſigh ye Canons, to expreſs our moan.

Tell us, ye Skilful Swains, who Nature chaſe,
O'er Woods, and Groves, and every ſhady place,
Who trace her winding ſteps for Health below,
Whether on herby Hills, or Vales ſhe grow,
Or in *Salubrious* Fountains chuſe to Flow.
Where was the Magick which to Plants belong,
So boaſted, * *Daphnis*, in thy Sacred Song?
Ye Springs, where fled ye, on that fatal Day,
When ſtruggling with pale Death *Nicander* lay,
A Mournful Victim, a lamented Prey?
No more ye Springs, which in fair *Kent* abound
In wholſom Channels flow beneath the Ground,
Be ever uſeleſs, and no more renown'd.

* *Mr.* Cowley *of Plants.*

No more, Ye Plants, be clad with uſeful green;
Let none but letter'd *Hyacinths* be ſeen.
Funereal Cypreſs, and the baleful Yeugh
Are fitteſt Objects for the Shepherds view.
Let the Triumphant Ivy now decline,
Low is that Head, round which it us'd to twine.
Wither, Ye Laurels, there's no uſe for you,
Loſt is *Nicander*, for whoſe Brows you grew.
O could I find him, whither would I run?
What Climates viſit, like the trav'ling Sun?
O'er what ſteep Mountains would I take my way?
Nor fear, nor Danger ſhould excuſe my ſtay.
I'd paſs the *Lybian* Sands, where Tygers yell,
Where Lyons haunt, and Dragons chuſe to dwell.
Plough the vaſt Sea, to fartheſt Iſlands go,
Traverſe the ſpacious Globe, with *Indians* glow
In ſcorching Beams, or freeze in *Ruſſian* Snow.
Could I bring back *Nicander* to theſe Plains,
Where once he rul'd, and cheer'd the joyful Swains.

Could

Could I reſtore a Soul ſo juſtly brave,
And vindicate the Heroe from the Grave.
But gloomy Darkneſs, and invidious Night
Shuts him for ever from our longing Sight.

Thyr. Shepherd, thy Tears are juſt, thy numbers (ſweet,
Like cooling ſhades in *July*'s ſultry heat.
Hark! how the Birds repeat on yonder Tree,
The Thruſh and Bullfinch learn thy Harmony,
And *Philomel* takes a new Note from Thee.
Yet ſhall our Judgments give to *Damon*'s place,
If that be he who wears a chearful face.

Dam. Shepherds, rejoice, begin in merry Strains,
Tis Holy-day, and ſhall be round the Plains,
Fair *Annabel* ſurvives, a new *Eliſa* reigns.

Mel. What Goddeſs is this *Annabel*, relate,
Whoſe Preſence can repair a loſs ſo great?

Dam. She's like an *April Sun*, whoſe powerful riſe
Scatters the rainy ſtorms, which cloud the Skies,
And chaſes briny Showers from *Britiſh* Eyes.

And

See! how her Vertue is diffus'd around;
New Bloſſoms crown the Trees, new Roſes ſcent (the Ground.
Where-e're ſhe treads, blew Violets appear,
And when ſhe Smiles, ſhe glads the Vernal Year.

Mel. Sure this is ſhe, born for that wondrous (Praiſe
We thought was deſtin'd for *Maria's* Days,
It is: I ſee the forming Years advance,
Beauty and Valour lead the Noble Dance.
Here on the *Rhine* victorious *Baden* fights,
And blazing, like a Prodigy, affrights.
There *German Eugene*, and his Fortunes go,
At *Mantua* knocks, and thunders on the *Po*.
Here *Annabel's* Imperial Flag appears,
Spain a new *Drake*, a ſecond *Eſſex* fears.
By diſtant Winds the dreadful Sound is blown
To proud *Verſailles*, and ſhakes the *Celtick* Throne.
New *Riſing Suns* ſhall blaze in *Engliſh* Flame
And to the lofty Skies lift *Denmark's* Name.

Here

Here Peace ſhall dwell, here Spring for ever ſmile,
While *Annabel* ſhall bleſs this Happy Iſle;
Whoſe Lightning ſhall, like Heav'n's, abroad diſ-
(may,
At home be conſtant Calm, and endleſs Day.

VI.

VIGOVIA.

A Poem.

Occaſion'd by the Succeſs of Her Majeſty's Forces by Sea and Land, under the Command of the Duke of ORMOND, *General, and Sir* George Rook, *Admiral.*

To Her MAJESTY.

DREAD MADAM,

ON whoſe Royal Enſigns wait
Auſpicious Glory, and deſigning Fate:
To whom Succeſs and Victory repair,
Kind to the Great, and conſtant to the Fair:
Whoſe Name around the Continent is blown,
And ſpreads a Terrour o'er the *Gallick* Throne;

Whoſe

Whoſe Thunder o'er the ſhaken *Weſt* prevails,
Whoſe Charms can conquer, where Thy Thunder (fails.

Lo! from the opening Womb of Time appears
A long Proceſſion of *Saturnian* Years.
New Scenes advance; a new *Platonic* Train
Of Mighty Months rowl on to bleſs Thy Reign.
So chang'd is Fate, ſince when th' unwearied Sun
Twice fifty Times his Annual Stage has run.
Since when that Miſtreſs from our Hearts it tore
Who curb'd the Proud, and ſhook th' *Iberian* Shore.

Tho' ſince in Monarchs of th' Heroic kind
We've ſeen ſome glimpſes of her God-like Mind;
Leſs than a Century could ne're ſuffice
To raiſe up *Anna*, when *Eliſa* dies.

So juſt is Heav'n! ſo regular and true
His wondrous ways, beyond Conception, new!

'Twas

'Twas the ſad Month the † *Royal Virgin dyed,*
When *England* yielded to the *Royal Bride.*
We murmur'd then, but God rebuk'd our Senſe,
Unknowing of the paths of Providence.
" Count hence a Hundred rowling Years, *ſaid he,*
" Then ſhall this ſtiff repining Nation ſee
" Sufficient for One Age, a *Second Prodigy.*
" This fatal Month with Bleſſings will be kept,
" And Children triumph'd, where their Fathers wept.
" A New *Armada* ſhall again be ſeen,
" A Prey that's worthy the *Britannick* Queen.
" Again with Fleets the burden'd Sea ſhall grone;
" Nor ſhall our threatned Blow ſtrike *Spain* alone.
Hence flows my Theme; *Bright Guardian of our Iſle!*
Look down, and ſmiling on my willing Toil,

† *Queen* Elizabeth *dy'd*, Marh 1602. *Queen* Ann *began her Reign* March 1702.

Per-

Permit me at Thy Feet this Verſe to lay,
And prophecy, as far as Poets may,
A brighter Glory to this previous Ray.
Lo! at thy *ORMOND*'s Name the Muſe prepares
To joyn with Anthems her officious Airs,
And meet with Praiſes, whom we ſent with pray-
(ers

'Twas not in vain we lent ſo vaſt a Mind
To the looſe Waves, and each inconſtant Wind.
Great Souls in their own Courages are ſure,
And *Cæſar* in a Tempeſt is ſecure.
Nor can an *Engliſh* Heart preſume to faint,
Bleſt with ſo Great a Queen, ſo Good a Saint.
None but *Emphatic* Cowards can diſpair
In *ANNA*'s Fortune, and in *ANNA*'s Prayer.
If on her Fleet ſhe ſhall a Bleſſing crave,
The Brave grow bolder, and the Coward, Brave.
Swift from above ſome happy Angel flies,
And brings the ſacred Paſs-port from the Skies.

O'er

O'er all the watry World Heav'n's Charge is read,
Old Ocean riſes from his owzy Bed,
And to his Sovereign Queen ſubmits his hoary (Head.

Now did the Terrour of *Perfidious France*
Our Navy, from retiring Lands advance,
And bound o'er Billows in a Martial Dance.
Joy thro each Squadron runs, the Valorous DUKE
Inſpires the Soldier, and the Sailor, *ROOK.*
And, as when *Helen*'s *beauteous Brothers* ſhine,
Rough Storms are huſh'd by the *propitious Sign.*
So is the Face of Heav'n from Tempeſt free,
When *ENGLAND*'s *Admiral* inſults the Sea,
Joyn'd with th' Heroic Blood of *OSSORY.*
The *Britiſh Angel* moves upon the Deep,
And lulls the angry Waves and Winds to ſleep.
None but kind Breezes and befriending Air
Their weighty Charge to the wiſh'd Haven bear.
Europe begins to dread the blow, and all
Fear where this Cloud will burſt, this Thunder fall.

Traytor[s]

Traytors to God and Man at ev'ry Sail
Now quake; and *Impudence it ſelf* looks pale.
As when ſome low'ring Cloud, which Vapours (form,
Preparing to diſcharge a Show'ry Storm,
Gathers apace, looks black, and bellies low;
The Shepherd quits the Flock to ſhun the Blow:
The Wary Pilgrim kens it, and amain
Trips to ſome Shady Covert o'er the Plain:
Or, as when Fiery Comets, hung on high,
Traverſe with frightful March th' enlighten'd Sky;
The Populace below, with wiſe Amaze,
Look up, and tremble at th' unuſual Blaze.
Avert, Good Heav'n! (they cry) th' unhappy Sign!
For ſure it muſt ſome Plague or Dearth divine.
Some thouſands by the bloody Sword will die:
Wo to that Kingdom whoſe ſad Ruin's nigh!

Place this Leaf between *Folio* 48 and 49.

Nor less the Dread of the *Britannick* Fleet,
With ev'ry Instrument of Death replete:
With *Cannons* against Castles to prevail,
Whene'er they batter with their *Iron Hail*;
With murd'ring *Cartasses*, too sure to slay,
And *Bombs*, and Men more terrible than they.
If any Terror touch'd *Europa*'s Breast,
The Spirits above as great Concern expreſt:
For They, whom the Almighty has assign'd
To watch below, and wake for Human kind,
Hearing, assembl'd in a deep *DIVAN*,
Concern'd for that unhappy Creature, *Man*;
When thus, *the Guardian of the West* began:

Bright Fellow-Ministers of God most High!
Kindred of Heav'n! Companions of the Sky!

Who wield by turns, commission'd from above,
The Sword of Veng'ance, and the Shield of Love.
Now here, now there, your faithful Wings display,
And guard with watchful Eyes the Realms you sway;
Nor sleep in silent Night, nor tire in busie Day,
Declare what secret Cause to me unknown,
(You, who bow nearest at th' eternal Throne,
While I, laborious, o'er those Regions run
Where bright *Ithuriel* rowls the setting Sun;)
Has mov'd Almighty Wrath? For whom prepar'd
His Shafts? For whom those Floating Fabricks rear'd
Which now oppress the Main? What Nation's Doom
Sleeps in the British Oak's Destructive Womb?

Is this the time in which th' Almighty ſwore
His Holy Son's Religion to reſtore?
Are theſe to puniſh the Blaſpheming Eaſt,
Which fondly truſts in *Mecca*'s curſed Prieſt?
Or do they (as alas my Fears divine)
Drive to more adverſe Shores, and threaten Mine?
Does the loud Blood at laſt, of Millions ſhed
In *Mexico*, call Vengeance from the Dead?
Or, have we ſince ſo ſwell'd th' increaſing Score?
And will the Thunderer connive no more?

He ſaid: The reſt did on each other look,
As if confounded at the Words he ſpoke,
Till *Michael*, Northern Angel, ſilence broke.

Dominions, Principalities and Thrones,
Armies of Heav'n, Guardians of Mortal Crowns,

Whene'er

Whene'er the Eastern Viol shall be pour'd,
Whene'er High God shall whet his angry Sword,
The Rising Sun shall see True Faith restor'd.
Tho' yet the Doom of *Mahomet*'s behind,
And *Haly*'s for a later Wrath design'd.
Sleep on their evil Hour! and let the Times
Awake, appointed for more horrid Crimes.
The Barb'rous *Turk* is to his *Prophet* just;
But *Christians* mock the God, in whom they trust.
Does Earth-born Man so small his Anger make?
Moves he his Finger, and the World not shake?
Or are his Bolts so soft and harmless grown
In Air to wanton; and, like Feathers, thrown?
No: Let my Charge, the *North*, a Witness be
That Heav'n may *Wink*, but wants not Eyes to *See*.

Witneſs th' *Apoſtate Saxon*, how he flies,
Toſt here and there; Deriſion of the Skies!
While *Sweden* follows, to renew his Fear,
As the young Lion hunts the flying Deer.
Go on, brave Youth, belov'd of Heav'n, proceed,
And finiſh What th' Almighty has decreed.
The Doom of Perjury let *France* behold,
Tho' harden'd with Succeſs, with Triumphs bold.
Her King, that Glow-worm, that aſſuming Clay,
Plum'd with falſe Grandeur, and diſſembl'd Sway,
Worn out in Fraud, and in Ambition gray:
Her King ſhall ſee (nor is it far) the Hour,
When wrong'd Forbearance, and affronted Pow'r
Shall rightly vindicate their high Command,
And uſe their Vengeance by a *Female Hand*.
This the loud Groans of ſuff'ring Saints deſire,
Slain Martyrs this with vocal Blood require.

Thus

Thus does the perjur'd *Gaul*, thus repreſent
The High below? Is this Heav'ns Government?
Is Tyranny an Attribute? Or can
Eternal Will revoke his Word, like Man?
Ten thouſand Woes befal him from on high,
Who, plac'd the Subſtitute of Heav'n, can lye,
Break ſacred Oaths, and ev'ry ſolemn Tye!

Here Light'nings flaſh'd along the Chryſtal Ground,
Conſenting Peals of Thunder mov'd around.
Th' Angelick Guardians (far as Spirits cou'd)
With Horror ſhook; till thus their Prince perſu'd.
Nor far the Preludes of his Promis'd Fall:
For, from the *Weſtern Streights*, which Mortals call
CADIZ; behold a Navy homeward ſteer,
Below a Race of valiant Men appear,
All mov'd with Anger, but untouch'd with Fear.

Theſe muſt exchange their unſucceſsful Aim
(Happy Misfortune!) for a nobler Game.
See farther Weſtward with *Peruvian* Oar,
A Navy making for the *Spaniſh* Shoar.
'Tis for VIGOVIA's unknown Strand they hold,
A faithleſs Harbour for ill-gotten Gold.
This is that Prey, ſo long ago declar'd
In Council, for the *Britiſh* Queen prepar'd,

☞ *The Author having unfortunately loſt his Scheme, this Poem is unfiniſh'd; which the Reader is deſired to excuſe.*

THE

THE
Portugal-Expedition.
February 170$\frac{3}{4}$.

On King Charles *the Third's Voyage to recover the Dominions of* Spain, *usurp'd by the Duke of* Anjou.

AT length Auspicious Blasts are heard to blow
From Icy Lakes, and Mountains cloath'd with Snow.
Go, *Austrian Hope*, with this propitious Gale,
And loosen to the Wind thy swelling Sail.
The rugged North, pleas'd with the great Design,
Pays this to *Anna*'s Wishes, and to *Thine*.

So has he chang'd his rough, uncourtly Mien,
Bows to the Hero, and obeys the Queen.

Tho' once unkind, he drove the fierce *Alane*,
And hardy *Suevian* from a colder Plain:
Tho' with a bleaker Breath he could diſplace
The *Goth* and *Vandal*, an unletter'd Race:
Force them, like hungry Beaſts of Prey, to run,
And change their Climate for a warmer Sun.
Rome felt them, and *Iberia* was alarm'd,
Her Heat invited, and her Riches charm'd.
Yet now, relenting, he reſtores to *Spain*
Saturnian Times, and a true Golden Reign.
Think not, *Heſperian*, that the Sea can bear
A Burden fatal to the Grand Affair.
No: *England* thy *Armada* can forgive,
Nor ſends her Own to Conquer, but Relieve.

Peru is worthleſs to a Prize ſo great,
And all thy *Indies* leſs than ſuch a Weight.

Breath gently, *Boreas*, nor too brisk engage;
Call the ſoft *Eaſtern* Wind to calm thy Rage.
Come, *Eurus*, nor in ſpicy Groves retreat,
Blow all thy balmy Briezes on the Fleet.
Neglect *Arabian* Forreſts, nor refuſe
When *Anna*'s Breath inſpires, thy own to uſe.

Sail, Happy Prince, to that expecting Strand
Where wealthy *Tagus* rowls his golden Sand.
Ah! whither gone? What God inflames thy Mind
Thus to attempt the Deep, and truſt the Wind?
Here watry Mountains, never ſeen before,
Hang o'er thy Sacred Head, there Billows roar.
Doſt thou nor Sands, nor Rocks, nor Tempeſts fear?
Whence ſo great Courage, when ſuch Danger's near?

Can

Canſt thou undaunted look, when ev'ry Wave
With gaping Mouth preſents thee with a Grave?

Yes; nor let thy Imperial Father pauſe,
When *Anna* to Her Side His Eagle draws,
And lends the Thunder to ſupport the Cauſe.

From the *French* Continent let Tyrants riſe;
Let Earth breed *Titans* to invade the Skies:
And, to diſlodge the Gods, uſurp a Claim
To the fork'd Lightning, and avenging Flame.
Defer thy Triumphs, *Gaul*, withold thy Boaſt,
Nor think with windy Threats to fright our Coaſt.
Britain ſhall thy falſe Thunderer remove,
Prepar'd, like *Crete*, to give the Rightful *Jove*.

Caroli

Caroli Tertii Iter *Luſitanicum.*

VEntus, Hyperboreo *qui congeminatur ab axe*,
Jam Tibi propitium, Carole, *findat Iter!*
Ad Tua Vela vocatus, adeſt, faciliſq; Britannæ.
Dedidicit Boreas *ſpernere juſſa Deæ.*
De gelidis olim quamvis detruderet oris
Indocti rabiem ſævior aura Gothi.
Quærentemq; novas ſedes, nova Littora Suevum,
Et cupidum Phœbi, *dives* Ibere, *Tui.*
Vandala *Barbaries furit ex* Aquilone *ſiniſtro*,
Illinc Sarmatico *vectus* Alanus *equo.*
Solve, Hiſpane, *metum, major tibi naſcitur ordo*,
Majus erit Venti dexterioris opus.
Nempe vocat Boreas *ſpirantem mitiùs* Eurum,
Nec cupit antiquas nunc meminiſſe minas.

Fortior

Fortior aſpires, nec differat, Eure, *labores*
Vel Panchæa *Tuos ſylva, vel* Inda *Tuos.*
Te vocat Europæ *ſpes ; ſit tibi vile* Sabeum
Thus, & aromaticum vile ſit omne nemus.
I, decus Auſtriaci *generis, pete* Carole, *littus*
Quod lavat auriſluo prodigus amne Tagus.
Aſpice inexpertus montes ut ſcandit aquarum !
Tranſit ut ignoti dura perić'la maris !
Nè timeas Aquilæ juveni, Leopolde ; *Tonanti*
Dum ſimilis fulmen, quod dedit Anna, *gerit.*
Creta Britannia *erit ; Sit Gens fœcunda Tyrannis*
Gallica, *dat teneros Inſula ſola* Joves.

On

On the Birth of the Duke of Britany.

BOast not, Great *Bourbon*, of thy num'rous Train
Of Princes born to a successive Reign.
ANJOU lamenting his untimely Fall,
On his Progenitor shall vainly call.
Curst with a tedious multiplying Race,
For length of Issue lengthens thy Disgrace.
Remember *Priam*, by old *Homer* sung,
From whose prolifick Loyns the fiftieth Hero sprung.
The Ghost of *Dardanus* was pleas'd to see,
And smil'd on his ill-fated Progeny.

For

But *Pallas* with her frightn'ing *Ægis* ſtrove
Againſt his Fortunes, and prevail'd with *Jove*.

No more *Apollo* could Aſſiſtance give,
But caus'd their Miſeries in Verſe to live.
Hector, untimely, felt the *Pelian* Steel,
Dragg'd at the Conqueror's triumphant Wheel.
In vain *Aſtyanax*, untaught to ſpeak,
With tender Tears beſought the ruthleſs *Greek*.
Ah *Troy!* from Thee let Kingdoms learn their
End,
When Falſe *Laomedons* the Throne aſcend.

The

The Passion of *Myrrha.*

Orpheus *relates the Story in* Ovid. Metam. l. 10. v. 300. *beginning*

Dira canam, procul hinc natæ, &c.

AMazing things of monstrous Love I tell,
Kindled by Furies, and provok'd by Hell.
O read not, Daughters, my polluted Rhimes;
Ye Parents hence, and shun forbidden Crimes.
But if my Verse shall o'er your Minds prevail,
Think of the Poet, and distrust the Tale.

Or if a Poet your Belief ſhall win,
Believe that Puniſhment purſu'd the Sin.

If yielding Nature in a hotter Clime,
Can viciouſly comply with ſuch a Crime.
Happy, thrice Happy *Iſmarus* and *Thrace*,
My Native Country and firſt breathing-Place!
O *Rhodope*, be thou for ever bleſt,
Nor frying Heats thy frigid Air infeſt;
Or to inceſt'ous Loves provoke a *Getick* Breaſt.
Such Faults as theſe can parch'd *Arabia* ſhun?
'Tis well our Climate is not near the Sun.
Where his hot Beams their guilty Influence dart,
To fire the boiling Blood, and ſcorch the Heart.

Shine on, ye ſweet *Panchæan* Groves, and rear
Your Spicy Branches in the ſcented Air.

Let

Let Cinnamon ambrosial Odours throw,
And costly Plants in the rich Forrests grow.
Let the glad *Arab* take delight to see
The Spices labour from the sweating Tree.
While *Myrrha* rises to her own Disgrace;
Vain all her Fragrance from a Cause so base!
Thee, *Myrrha*, Thee, no *Cupid* did inspire,
The God of Love refus'd his modest Fire.
He, whose bright Altars never cease to shine
But with a Flame more pure, and more divine,
Disclaims his Title to a Wound, like Thine.
Some Furious Sister of the Cruel Three
Left her delighted *Acheron* for Thee,
Rose from the dreaded *Styx*, and in her Hand
Swelling with Venom, shook th' infernal Brand.
The twisted Vipers round her Temples clung,
And thy unguarded Heart with secret Poison stung.

To hate a Father, does inhuman show:
But less inhuman than to love him so.
Rich, youthful Lords thy Eastern Countries bear,
And Princes, beauteous as the Gems they wear.
All these contend thy blooming Youth to wed,
And reap the Honours of thy Virgin Bed.
Incline, O gentle *Myrrha*, and be kind,
Preserve thy Vertue and absolve thy Mind.
Chuse one of these, adapted for thy Play,
If out of these thy Father be away.
Some brisk, young Bridegroom, who thy Flames may meet,
With Flames repeated, and requite thy Heat.

Revolving this in her molested Mind,
Th'unquiet Daughter could no Comfort find.
Sometimes she loves, sometimes she hates the Name
Of Lust, like that, and blows away the Flame.

Pen-

Pensively thoughtful from her Couch she rose,
And Words, like these, her wav'ring Sense disclose.

O Strange Design! what brooding Thoughts within
Hatch unripe Vices, and unacted Sin?
Me, most unhappy of my Royal Race,
Shou'd I be guilty of a Crime so Base!
Ye Rights of Parents, and ye Gods above,
Oppose the Progress of such Impious Love!
Forbid the Sin! if yet a Sin it be
To love a Father:—— But to love like me!
Yet Salvage Beasts have Nature's just Dispense
To couple freely, and without Offence.
When she provokes them on, no Law denies
The Vig'rous L---s, and the promiscuous Ties.
The gen'rous Horse supplies a Husband's place
On his own Daughter, and renews his Race.

The ſprightly Sparrow, in his heated Pride,
Receives his wanton Mother for his Bride.
But anxious Care, and conſcientious Doubt,
Aw'd tim'rous Man, and ſent curſt Precepts out.
Nature has hung the goodly Mark in ſight,
Gave us a Looſe in uncontroul'd Delight.
Would make our Joys immortally divine,
But interpoſing Laws forbid the Seas to join.

Yet Lands there are in ſome remoter Clime,
Where Cuſtom governs, and allows the Crime.
Where the kind Sons obediently comply
With their own Mothers, and improve the Joy.
The Daughter yields her Beauty and her Charms
To an imploring, luſty Father's Arms.
This filial Favour does their Duty prove,
Doubles Affection, and increaſes Love.

O had I there improv'd my glorious Race,
And ne'er been born in this unlucky place!
Curst be the Hour! ---But why should I exclaim,
And with forbidden Hopes abuse my Name?
Away! my Father may be lov'd, 'tis true,
But as a Daughter is oblig'd to do.
Daughter! That Word does all my Bliss destroy,
Or else I cou'd great *Cinyras* destroy,
I could all Night lie panting by his Side,
And, were he not my Father, be his Bride.
Proximity alone disturbs my Rest,
O were I Foreign, how should I be blest!
Fly, fly thy Country, such a Vice to shun,
Far, far remote, O wretched *Myrrha*, run
To Climates unpolluted by the Sun.
Yet something stops me, and commands my stay,
An evil Ardour, which I must obey.

Fain wou'd I see my Father Face to Face,
Talk with him, touch him, kiss him, and embrace,
Gaze on his Beauty, and his Form adore,
I'd be content with this,—if nothing more.
O impious Maid! Blast that unruly Thought,
Why shou'd you hope for more than what you ought?
Think'st thou that Laws are useless, and the Names
Of Duty nothing, which a Parent claims?
Thy Father and thy Mother will be sham'd,
And thou an Harlot and Adultress nam'd.
Would'st thou be call'd (Prepostr'ous to be done!)
Thy Brother's Mother, Sister to thy Son?
Think you behold *Tisiphone*, and dread
The lighted Torches, and her Snaky Head.
See how she glares! how terrible she seems!
Persues your Fancy, and disturbs your Dreams.
Then since alas! he cannot be enjoy'd,
Th' immodest Thought of such a Crime avoid.

Stain

Stain not your untouch'd Honour, nor defile
The Law of Nature, with a Luſt ſo vile.
Suppoſe you would; the Thing requires your Aſſe,
Your Father's pious, and obſerves the Law.
And wou'd to Heav'n he had the ſame Deſire,
Burn'd with like Fury, and with equal Fire.

She ſpake, and from her Royal Chamber came,
But labour'd to conceal the ſtruggling Flame.
The *Cyprian* Court ſhone with the nobleſt Lords,
And richeſt which the wealthy Eaſt affords.
Contending Princes crowded in to wooe,
So bright a Train the conqu'ring *Myrrha* drew.
Her Father, doubting, aſk'd her which ſo chuſe,
To whom ſhe wou'd conſent, and whom refuſe.
The bluſhing Virgin knew not what to ſpeak,
But fixes Face to Face, and Cheek to Cheek.

O how the Dew did uncommanded rise,
And in warm Rivers trickle from her Eyes!
Her loving Father wipes away the Tears,
Thinks them the Tokens of a Virgin's Fears,
Then on her Lips he seal'd a gentle Kiss;
She gladly press'd her eager Lips to His.
Grasp'd him with Lovers Arms, as loth to part,
A more than filial Joy enlarg'd her Heart.
Ask'd to what Prince she wou'd be closely ty'd,
In whom she wou'd delight; she streight reply'd,
In one like You: Her Royal Father smil'd,
Call'd her Dear Daughter, and Obedient Child.
Daughter! that Word was Poison; at the Name
She hung her *conscious Head*, & blush'd with shame.
'Twas now the Noon of Night, when Mortals steep
Their weary'd Bodies, and their Cares in Sleep:
Not so did *Myrrha*; for her Flames of Love
Were far more watchful than those Fires above.

Some-

Sometime in Rage her dangling Locks ſhe tears,
Stifles her furious Wiſhes, and deſpairs.
Sometimes reſolving to reveal her Fires,
Shame ſtops her Speech, but not her ſtrong de-
[ſires.
As when ſome lofty and Imperial Oak,
E're ſhe receives the laſt deciding ſtroke,
Nods here and there, and, doubting where to fall,
On all ſides threatens, and is fear'd on all.
With *various Wounds* ſo *Myrrha*'s Mind's oppreſt,
Unfixt each moment, and unus'd to Reſt.
No Eaſe at laſt, no Remedy is found,
But Death alone, to heal the mortal Wound.
Then welcome, Death, *the Cure of Love*, ſhe cries,
And to a Beam her Golden Girdle ties.
Farewel, ſhe groan'd, Dear *Cinyras*, farewel!
Oh! at thoſe Words what Briny Rivers fell!
Let This, ſaid ſhe, (and pointed to the Knot)
Declare my Love, when *Myrrha* is forgot.

'Tis

'Tis ſaid, the Nurſe o'erheard her ſilent Moans,
Her faultring Speech, and undiſtinguiſh'd Groans;
With eager Haſte up roſe the trembling Dame,
Unlock'd the Doors, and to her Chamber came,
When entring (who the Horrour can relate?)
She ſaw the ready Inſtruments of Fate.
What Tears ſhe ſhed! what Fears her Mind poſſeſt!
At once ſhe tore her Hair and beat her Breſt.
From *Myrrha*'s milky Neck the Cord ſhe rent,
And then ſhe took ſome Minutes to lament;
Embrac'd her cloſe, and with a taſtleſs Kiſs,
Aſk'd her the cauſe of a Deſpair like This,
A dreadful Silence ſeiz'd the Royal Maid,
Her Crime diſcover'd, and Attempt betray'd.
Her Head hangs down, her ſteddy Eye-balls ſtare,
Fix'd on the Ground, as if her Eyes grew there.
In muttering Sounds ſhe curſes as ſhe ſtands,
Th' unfiniſh'd Labour of her tardy Hands.

Th' old

Th' old Beldam rages, with her Bosom bare,
Her empty Breasts, and ragged, hoary Hair,
To tell her secret Troubles, and impart
The pungent Anguish of her wounded Heart.
By all th' indearments of her tender Years,
By her first Cradle, and her Infant Tears.
But *Myrrha* turn'd away, her Face to hide;
Again she asks and is again deny'd.
Trust me, she said, I'll be for ever true,
Nor only secret, but assisting too.
Think me not useless in my Life's last Page;
The Mind grows stronger by experienc'd Age.
Say, my dear *Myrrha*, is it Love you feel?
My Charms shall loose it, and my Herbs shall heal.
Or if some evil Look thy Mind betray,
We'll purge the Venom in a Magick Way.

If

If Heav'n be angry, we will Heav'n invoke,
Altars ſhall ſhine, and Frankincenſe ſhall ſmoke.
What ſhall I think? your Fortune and Eſtate
Are ſafe from Danger and the Shock of Fate,
Your Mother's Beauteous, and your Father's Great.
When ſhe heard Father nam'd, what Groans did ſhake
Her tortur'd Breaſt, as if her Heart would break!
And now the cunning Beldam does begin
To find 'tis Love, but dreams not of the Sin.
Impatient, and reſolv'd, with eager Haſte,
The weeping Virgin in her Lap ſhe plac'd,
And threw her wither'd Arms around her Waſte.
Come tell me, Daughter, (nor believe me blind)
I ſee the ſad Diſtemper of your Mind:
Tell me your Man, and I'll ſo careful prove,
That your own Father ſhall not know your Love,

Truſt

Truſt me, he ſhall not. At thoſe Words ſhe ſprung
From her weak Arms, like one poſſeſt, and wrung
Her ſnowy Hands, about the Room ſhe flew,
And on the Couch her wretched Body threw.
Be gone, ſaid ſhe, I cannot, dare not name
The ſecret Cauſes of my riſing Shame.
Depart the Room, or ceaſe to vex me ſo;
O 'tis a Crime which you deſire to know.
Th' aſtoniſh'd Dame in wild Amaze appears,
And trembles more with Horrour than with Years.
Kneels at her Feet, and when her Flatt'ries fail,
She try's how Threats and Anger can prevail.
Shows her the Halter, frights her to confeſs,
Threatning, the Court ſhall know the dire Diſgrace.
But vows, if truſted, to be true and kind;
A heavy Sorrow preſt the Virgin's Mind;

Her

Her ready Tongue was lifted up to tell,
But down th' unwilling, willing Member fell,
When her swift Words refus'd a longer Stay,
And broke through Sighs and Groans, which
stop'd their Way.
O Happy Mother (here she hid her Face)
In such a Husband, such a King's Embrace!
And then she groan'd. At this the Nurse began
To fear: deep Horrour thro' her Marrow ran.
Her lank white Hairs erected with the Fright,
Rose in a bristly Form, and stood upright.
With solid Proofs she argu'd to dissuade
Th' unnatural Passion of the Royal Maid.
The Royal Maid with deep Attention heard
Her just Dissuasions, and her Counsels fear'd:
Knew she spoke Truth; but with a fainting
Breath
Groan'd out, I must enjoy my Love or Death.

Live

Live then, said she, you shall enjoy your Love;
She spake; and vouch'd it with the Name of *Jove.*

'Twas now the time, when yellow *Ceres* yields
The bearded Honours of the fruitful Fields.
When pious Matrons to her Temple go,
And clad in Garments imitating Snow,
Pay the first Fruits to her by whom they grow.
'Tis counted heinous, for nine tedious Nights
To taste of Love and conjugal Delights.
'Mongst these, the Consort of the *Cyprian* Throne
Appear'd, and left her *Cinyras* alone.
The Beldam chose this favourable Time,
The Queen now absent, to promote the Crime.
And now she goes, her Promise to fulfil,
Wickedly careful, diligently ill.
For as on bed the lusty Monarch lay,
Oppress with Wine, and full of amorous Play;

Which

Which Wine had rais'd: in comes the ſtudious Dame,
Diſcloſing under a diſſembled Name,
The Love of *Myrrha*, and provokes his Flame.
And when with ſtammering Speech the King inquires
Whether her Bloom would anſwer his Deſires.
She ſtreight replies with a deluding Tongue,
She's fair, like *Myrrha*, and like *Myrrha*, young.
Haſte then, ſaid he, and fetch this charming Maid;
She flies, and anſwers you ſhall be obey'd.
Returning home, Daughter rejoyce ſhe cry'd,
For we have conquer'd on the ſureſt ſide,
Th' unhappy Maid no perfect Joy could feel,
A conſcious Grief preſag'd approaching Ill;
Yet She rejoyc'd: So various is her Will.

'Twas the deep Ebb of Night: *Bootes* Car
Mov'd upwards, rowling nigh the *Northern Star*.

Her

Her dubious Mind divided paſſions ſway'd,
Slowly ſhe walk'd, half joyful, half afraid.
The baſhful Moon bluſh'd at th' unſeemly Sight,
Drove down the Sky, and hid her borrow'd Light:
The glimm'ring Lamps above, which wink'd before
On mortal Crimes, ſaw this, and wink'd no more.
Th' *Icarian* Taper did her Brightneſs ſhrowd,
And *Virgo* fled behind a miſty Cloud.
Thrice (hateful Sign!) ſhe Stumbled, as ſhe went,
Thrice were her Knees upon the Threſhold bent.
The hooting Owl in an unlucky Note,
Thrice Scream'd ill Omens from his fatal Throat.
Still ſhe goes on, while Night's officious Shade
Aſiſts the Boldneſs of the luſtful Maid.
On the Dame's Shoulders her left Hand ſhe Lay,
While t'other blindly feels the ſecret Way.
Now at the deſtin'd Chamber-Door ſhe Stands,
With ſhivering Knees, ſad Looks, and trembling

The Roſe and Lilly vaniſh'd from her Face,
And Fear and Paleneſs leap'd into their Place.
Her Courage fails, which boil'd ſo high within;
And oh! how willing would ſhe ſhun the Sin!
She now repents; thinks it a Crime to ſtay,
The preſſing Beldam chid her dull delay,
And drew her, where th'expecting Monarch Lay.
Here take your Love, embrace her, and be Kind,
And then their two devoted Breaſts ſhe joyn'd.
The Father revels in ſoft filial Charms
And throws around her his polluted Arms.
Perhaps, with rev'rence to his graver Years,
Call'd her, dear Daughter, to allay her Fears.
But ſhe, perhaps, tho' trembling at the Name,
Might call him, Father; to compleat their Shame.
And now the fatal Bed the Daughter leaves,
While with inceſtuous Seed her Womb conceives.

Nor

Nor is He sated with unripe Delights,
The Crime is doubled by repeated Nights.
Till *Cinyras* with long Enjoyment tir'd,
Began to loath what he so much desir'd:
And fain wou'd know on what soft Lady's Breast
So oft he panted; whom so oft carest.
At his Command discov'ring Lights betray'd
His Crime, and Daughter, now no more a Maid.
He saw, he blush'd, he wept, his Soul boil'd more
With Indignation, than with Lust before.
Straight from his Sheath his shining Sword he drew;
Up *Myrrha* starting, to the Desart flew.
The friendly Darkness of th' officious Night
Diverts her Murder, and assists her Flight
O'er spacious Meadows, and deserted Sands,
Palmy *Arabia*, and *Panchaan* Lands.

Nine times the Moon hid her diminiſh'd Head,
And bluſh'd as often with increaſing Red,
E're Wandring *Myrrha* in *Sabæa*'s Wood,
Tir'd, and impatient of her Burthen, ſtood.
Where thus contending in a doubtful Strife,
The Fear of Death, and Wearineſs of Life:
She to the Pow'rs above theſe Pray'rs addreſt:
Ye Pow'rs, if any pity Crimes confeſt,
I ask no Pardon, no Reprieve deſire;
But puniſh *Myrrha* as her Crimes require.
Yet, leſt my Life or Death Infection ſpread
Among the Living or among the Dead,
Transform my wretched Shape. I neither crave
To breath in Air, nor moulder in the Grave.

Some God or Goddeſs, milder than the reſt,
Aſſented kindly to her laſt Requeſt.

Robb'd of her Beauty, of her Form depriv'd,
In part ſhe periſh'd, and in part ſurviv'd.

Her Senſes gone, ſtill mournful ſhe appears,
Weeping ſweet Drops of Eſtimable Tears.
Her Name ſhall flouriſh in *Sabæan* Myrrh,
An odoriferous Tree, ſo call'd from Her.

The Power of Beauty.

To SERAPHINA.

READ *Seraphina*, what this Paper tells,
How much a Beauty, like your own, excels.

How Man is foil'd, how Love's unerring Dart,
Like Death's, impartial, pierces ev'ry Heart.
How vainly Kings, and conqu'ring Heroes bear
Their Swords and Sceptres, to resist the Fair!

Yet tho' so large and boundless is your Sway,
Be gentle; Pride forget, and Love repay.
Take, *Seraphina*, and with Kindness use
This double Present of my Heart and Muse.

I feel the Force of what these Lines rehearse;
Do thou approve my Passion, and my Verse,

Three sprightly Youths grown eminent in Arts,
Three Questions started, to exert their Parts.
The first appearing in the Grape's Defence,
Affirms that *Strongest* which subdues the Sense.
The next, that nothing has so just a right,
As *Scepter'd Grandeur* and *Imperial Might*.
The last does stronger Arguments prepare
For the *Weak Side*, and vindicates *the Fair*.

Now high enthron'd the *Persian* Monarch sate,
In Pompous Scene of Majesty and State.
The Nobles stand around on either side,
To hear the Trial, and the Cause decide.

But when the ſecond Orator had ſaid,

The *Court* divided, and a Party's made.
Some the exalted Strength of *Wine* eſteem,
The *Speaker* praiſe, becauſe they like the *Theme*,
The flatt'ring *Tribe* aſſert the *Strongeſt Thing*
Is *Man*; of Men none equal to the *King*.
O'er all the Palace diff'rent Murmurs ran,
Till Eloquent *Zorobabel* began.

Hear me, ye *Perſians*, and attend me well;
Nor *Man* prevails, nor does the *King* excel
In *Sov'reign Pow'r*, nor ought we to aſſign
The *Strongeſt Vertue* to the *Strongeſt Wine*.
Wine, what it conquers, has not ſtrength to keep,
If ſtill we riſe refreſh'd, and new from Sleep.
Nor is this Praiſe due to the mighty Boaſt
Of valiant Numbers, and a warlike Hoſt.

Monarchs their Length of *Empire* plead in vain,
If forc'd to bow to a *ſuperiour Reign.*
WOMEN alone are thoſe inchanting Things,
Which vanquiſh Armies, and which conquer Kings.

From *WOMEN* ſprung all Men whate'er they be;
Lords of the Land and Soy'reigns of the Sea.
The *King* himſelf his Birth to *WOMAN* owes:
To *WOMAN* they, by whom the Vineyard grows,
They rear'd the *bluſhing Vine*, and *WOMEN* thoſe.
From Silken Webs ſoft Garments they prepare
To fence the Body from the glowing Air.
Should they refuſe their uſeful Aid to bring,
Man were a *helpleſs melancholy Thing.*

The greedy *Merchant*, to augment his Heap
Of Gold and Silver, ſails upon the Deep.
Deſpiſing Tempeſts, he undaunted tries
The roaring Ocean, and the louring Skies.
And if his Bark has fortunately ſped,
He laughs at Thunder grumbling o'er his Head.
But if a *Charmer* of the *Female Race*
Dart with her Eyes, and *lighten* with her Face,
He gapes and gazes on th' alluring Sight,
Pines all the Day, and ſighs away the Night.
His *Eaſtern Gems* he ceaſes to prefer,
And *Pearls* grow worthleſs if compar'd to *Her*.

If once a Youth conceive an am'rous Flame,
Fathers are nothing but an *empty Name*.
Mothers in vain oppoſe their flowing Tears,
Their *Nine Months Labours*, and their anxious Fears.

For

For a *soft Bride* he will his *Country* fly,
For which *brave Heroes* have rejoyc'd to dy.
His *Native Clime* he willingly forgoes,
Fryes in the Sun, or treads the Mountain Snows.
Combats with all the Miseries of Life,
Pleas'd with his *Labour*, if he please his *Wife*.

Whether he ploughs the Deep, or ploughs the Soil,
He smiles on Danger, and delights in Toil.
Brings to the *Fair* the Product of his Pains,
His *Summer Profits*, and his *Autumn Gains*.
To raise her Glory, and maintain her Pride,
He sails on Rivers, dares the boistrous Tide.
And lest his *Love* should murmur or complain,
Robs on the *Land*, and Pyrats on the *Main*.
Such strange Inchantment in a *Woman* lies!
Such wondrous Magick sparkles in her Eyes.

Should

Should his wrong'd Country or weak Parents call,
For her *dear sake* he would refuse them all.
If *She* commands, obedient to her Charms,
He's hoop'd in Iron, and affrights in Arms.
Patrouls in Desarts, and wild Beasts pursues,
Tastes Evening Vapours, and unwholsom Dews.
If a *starv'd Lion* meet him in the Way,
His Throat he seizes, and bestrides the Prey;
So strong his Love, he will a Monster fight,
Does the vain terrours of thick Darkness slight,
And frowns away the Goblins of the Night.

Some with their Senses have been known to part,
And lost their *Reason* when they lost their *Heart*.
Others have warr'd for *Woman*'s sake alone,
Gave the World Freedom, and resign'd their own.

Kings

Kings of ten thouſand Slaves, have Slaves became,
And ſcorn'd Dominion for their glorious Flame.

Crimes, Rapines, Murders, Treaſons owe their Riſe
To a *dear Woman's* fair *bewitching Eyes.*
Some, the wide Wounds of ſlighted Love to heal,
Deep in their Hearts have thruſt the fatal Steel.
Or with their Wine, when the *Coy She* deny'd,
Have mingled *Poiſon*, drank, deſpair'd, and dy'd.

Is there a King of more extended Power,
Through the whole Globe, than *Perſia's Emperor?*
Is it not *Treaſon* to diſpute his Sway?
And Death, if he commands, to diſobey?
Dare *Monarchs* murmur at th' approaching Sound
Of his vaſt Armies, covering all the Ground?

Indus

Indus and *Ganges* tremble when they hear
Their clattering Armour, and are froze with
Fear.

Yet *fair APAME*, with her Smiles or
Frowns,
Rules that *Great Head*, whose Nod shakes *Eastern*
Crowns.

As at a Banquet, with the King of late,
On his Right Hand the *Lovely Charmer* sate,
From his Imperial Head she snatch'd the Crown,
And (for I saw her) fix'd it on her own.
I saw her strike him with her snowy Palm,
And yet that awful Brow was wondrous calm.
Th' enamour'd King, to reconcile the Fair,
Tries all Indearments and each gentle Prayer;
To ev'ry *Art* of *Love*, for Aid he flies,
Watching each Glance and Motion of her Eyes:

His

His ev'ry Passion *She alone* could guide;
If *She* withdrew her charming Face, *He* sigh'd,
Smil'd, if *She* smil'd, but if *She* frown'd, *He* dy'd.

Surely, nor Men, nor Monarchs can compare
With Woman if they thus obey the Fair.

He said; the Court his Eloquence approve,
And *Great Darius* judg'd the *Cause* for *Love*.

A

THE

THE Desperate Lover.

Imitated from the Greek of Theocritus. *Idillium.* 23.

A Youth, who often felt Love's mighty Pain,
Lov'd a fair Nymph, but was not lov'd again.

Beauteous her Face, her Features beauteous were,
But she, alas, was more unkind than fair.
For, as his Love grew strong, she coyer grew,
Nor was she only coy, but cruel too.
The winged Boy oft shot his fatal Dart,
But she, unpractis'd, never felt the Smart;
Unwounded was her Breast, untouch'd her Heart.

Whether

Whether blind *Cupid* was a God or no,
How sharp his Arrows, and how strong his Bow,
She either knew not, or she would not know.

Rough was her Soul, and savage her Converse,
Her Mien was haughty, and her Language fierce.
Her Cheeks and Lips might shame the opening Rose;
But these no Hopes afford, no Comfort those.
Those stubborn Lips refusing to impart
A Kiss, which softens Love, and warms the Heart:
Those Eyes, which first inflam'd the Am'rous Boy,
Those Eyes, which shone like Light, like Fire destroy.
As a wild Beast, design'd the Hunter's Prey,
Rouls back his angry Eyes, and scours away.

Such was the Nymph! so ſhunn'd his youthful Flame!
So frown'd! which ill her beauteous Face became.
And if by chance ſhe touch'd him with a Look,
The ſparkling Beams her wrathful Eyes forſook.
Straight, by Antipathy, her Colour fled,
Her Cheeks grew pale, and loſt their lovely Red.

Yet, barb'rous as ſhe was, he thought her Fair,
As if her very Anger charming were.
Nor could that Fierceneſs, which had chang'd her Face,
Diſlodge his Paſſion from its ancient Place.
At laſt, his Grief unable to contain,
And ſhow'ring from his Eyes a briny Rain,
When with deſpairing Looks he had ſurvey'd
The hated Houſe, where the ſtern She was laid,

He

He kist the Threshold, which her Feet had prest,
And thus th' inexorable Fair addrest.

Ah cruel Nymph! of Women Thou the worst!
Thee surely Mountains bred, Thee Tygers nurst.
For Rocks and Tygers soft and human be,
If Rocks and Tygers are compar'd with Thee.
For generous Love Thou mak'st no kind Return,
Unworthy of the Flames with which I burn!
But now I come to cure my fond Disease;
This Steel thy flinty Breast will surely please.
Think not I mean thy Choler to create,
Or breed new Matter for thy Scorn or Hate.
This Gift th' unpleasing Object shall remove;
Then you will smile, you will my Pangs approve,
'Tis such a Present, such a Sight you Love.

Where Thou hast doom'd me, I prepare to go,
And find a Lover's Remedy below.

There I ſhall Draughts of cold Oblivion take;
Yet ſhould I drink the whole *Lethæan* Lake,
Not all its Rivers could remove Deſire,
Or ſlake my Thirſt of Love, or cool my Fire.

But now no more I will my Paſſion tell,
Here, ſmiling, take my long, my laſt Farewel.
Relentleſs Nymph! I know thy future Doom:
Roſes are ſweet, and lovely in the Bloom;
Yet ſoon their Odour and their Beauty's paſt,
Spoil'd by rude Hands, or by ſome Northern Blaſt.
A ſhort-liv'd Youth the Violet enjoys,
This Month that bloſſoms, which the next deſtroys.
Fair Lillies wither, and the Silver Snows,
By the warm Sun diſſolv'd, their Whiteneſs loſe.
Such will thy Beauty be, which charms the Plain!
So ſhort thy Cruelty! a Tyrant's Reign.

The Time will come, when Thou ſhalt weep
to ſee
Thy Self forſaken, and refus'd, like Me.
Avenging Love will take my injur'd Part,
For all thy Triumphs o'er my ſlighted Heart.

Yet ſince the living Lover pleads in vain,
Allow one Favour to the dying Swain.
When ſmear'd with Blood you ſee my Body ly,
Stand ſtill and gaze, nor paſs regardleſs by.
Then take and wrap me in thy ſilken Veſt,
Ah! let the Dead obtain this ſmall Requeſt!
Human at leaſt to my laſt Shade appear,
And ſacrifice one Sigh, one Funeral Tear.
Fear me no more, for ſhould thy Arms embrace
My bloodleſs Corps, and Tears bedew my Face,
Should'ſt thou relent, thy Tears were ſhed in vain
To fetch the Dead to hated Life again.

Thy ſofteſt Kiſſes would be fruitleſs all,
Which might have ſav'd whom they can ne'er recall.

Make me a hollow Tomb, a Tomb which may
Hide my hard Love, and there my Body lay.
Then thrice (departing) cry, *My Friend is dead*;
Add, if you pleaſe, *My lov'd Companion's fled.*
Then on the Marble, which my Bones ſhall keep,
Inſcribe this Verſe, and make the Marble weep.

Ye Paſſengers, behold a Lover ſlain,
By Unkind Hate, but more Unkind Diſdain.
He lov'd a Nymph, *the* Fates *did ſo decree,*
The Fates *were cruel, but more cruel* She.

He ſaid: and with the Dagger, which he bore,
He pierc'd his Heart; out flow'd the purple Gore.
The *Nymph* beheld him weltring on the Ground,
And careleſly ſurvey'd the gaping Wound.
Yet ſtill her Breaſt no melting Pity knew,
No ſtreaming Tears her ſtubborn Eyes bedew.
With no Concern on the ſlain Corps ſhe ſtood,
And dipt her Virgin Garments in his Blood.
No Mourning in her Face or Dreſs ſhe ſhows,
But to the *Ring*, the *Park*, and *Playhouſe* goes.
With Courtly Nymphs the diſtant *Bath* frequents:
The God ſhe injur'd views, nor yet relents.
For o'er the Water you might *Cupid* ſee,
In Marble carv'd, but not ſo hard as *She*.
Whether by Chance or Choice, with mighty Fall,
Love's Statue tumbles from the Pedeſtal,

Cruſhing th' *inhuman Nymph's* devoted Head,
Whoſe Breath with theſe laſt dying Accents fled.

Farewel, ye Lovers; *for the* Nymph *is ſlain,*
Whom a kind Shepherd *lov'd, but lov'd in vain.*
Ye ſcornful Virgins, *be forewarn'd by Me,*
How Your Diſdain offends the God; for He
Has Arms to puniſh, and has Eyes to ſee.

THE

THE FAIR INFIDEL.

FAIR *Seraphina* has a wondrous Art,
To wound and charm the moſt obdurate Heart.
But then the *Nymph*, to Unbelief inclin'd,
In Love's Religion has a Jewiſh Mind.
Hence ſhe derides *Melander*'s amorous Pains,
And binds the Slave, yet never ſees the Chains.
All *Ovid*'s Tales of no ſuch Changes tell,
A *Goddeſs* turn'd into an *Infidel!*

The fam'd Deſcendants from the *Queen* of *Love*
Obtain'd Protection, when *Tarpeian Jove*

With

With Sacrifice was anciently implor'd,
And Victims offer'd where they moſt ador'd.
This I have done, but to compleat my Grief,
Gain no Aſſiſtance, nor create Belief;
As if my Vows were nought but empty Sound,
And all the Victim bled without a Wound.
With Unconcern ſhe hears my pureſt Sighs;
She ſees the fragrant Incenſe mount the Skies;
But thinks the firſt from falſe Devotion came,
And vows the Altar ſmoak'd without a Flame.

Say, cruel Charmer, is't a thing ſo new,
That *Beauty* ſhould the Power of *Man* ſubdue,
In all its Lightning dreſt, and Arm'd like You?
The hardy Soldier, exercis'd in Wars,
Proud of pitch'd Battles, and his glorious Scars,

Won,

Won, when the *Gallick Fury* he withſtood,
And waded for his Liberty in Blood;
Would court his Fetters, if he ſaw your Charms,
Diſpirited, and uſeleſs in his Arms.
The Wiſe believe it Intereſt and Gain,
To loſe their Freedom, and embrace your Chain:
A Slavery which Kings would proudly own,
And for their Paſſion Abdicate a Throne.
To fall, like Me, fair *Seraphina's* Prize,
And croud the numerous Triumphs of her Eyes.
Still not believe the Truth of my Deſire?
Has ever Heat flow'd from a painted Fire?
Say, at a ſudden View, what means the Smart
Which ſmites my Liver? Why recoils my Heart?
Why, when by chance I hear your ſacred Name,
My Viſage changes with a generous Shame?

As

As in discolour'd Summer-Fruits we find,
The Tracks of Lightning or a blighting Wind,
So Heav'nly Love has a peculiar Art
To paint the Face by Touches from the Heart.

To shun the Converse of all Human Race,
I court the Woods and each forsaken Place.
All Nature hears me, and believes my Tale,
The Winds, the Hills, and every humble Vale.
If in the Groves, my melancholy Choice,
I talk to Trees, and Things depriv'd of Voice,
Soft Echoes pity my unhappy Care,
And, if I would consent, would blame the Fair.
The Leaves around are to my Plaints inclin'd,
Shook by my frequent Sighs, a mournful Wind!
The *Myrtle* seems to listen and to learn,
And nodding signifies a dumb Concern.

The *Laurel*, once a cruel *Nymph*, like *You*,
Wiſhes that *Phœbus* had been half ſo true.
She had not then refus'd, nor coyly fled,
But bleſt his Heart, and ne'er adorn'd his Head.

Round me the Birds a ſolemn *Chorus* make,
And, prattling, witneſs her unkind Miſtake.
Young warbling *Philomels*, when I complain,
Learn a new Leſſon, and improve their Strain.
But ſhe alone, while I this Song rehearſe,
Denies the Witneſs, nor believes my Verſe.

So lov'd *Apollo*, when *Caſſandra*'s Pride,
Or not believ'd, or, if believ'd, deny'd.
The God, revengeful of the *Phrygian* Dame,
Blaſted the Credit of his *Delphick* Flame.
But Miſeries, like Mine, are doubly great;
Like *His*, my Paſſion; and like *Her*, my Fate.

To William Jordan *of* Gatwick, *Esq.* Horace's 9th Ode, B. 2d. *imitated.*

Quid bellicosus Cantaber & Scythes. &c.

May the 29th. 1705.

I.

HEnce the *Unseasonable Thoughts* of *War!*
Nor ask who in *Livonia* will succeed,
Whether the Warlike *Pole*, or *Russian Czar*,
The *sleeping Genius* of the *North* will rouze,
Against the *Fury* of th' *Unthinking Swede*,
And ravish their *lost Laurels* from his *Youthful Brows.*

Or

Or whether *MARLBOROUGH* deſigns
To ſtorm *Saar-Louis*, or attack the Lines.
Campaigns, *My Friend*, and Sieges are
Below Thy more important Care.
Nor ſhould ſuch ruffling Storms moleſt
The *Halcyon Smoothneſs* of thy *Breaſt*.
Doubt, *Avarice*, and the pale Multitude
Of *greedy Harpyes*, which intrude
Ev'n at our Meals, no Entrance find
On the ſtrong Armour of your Mind,
Which You can ſtraiten or unbend;
Skill'd in thoſe *generous Arts* which bleſs
Whom *Fortune* and the *Muſe* careſs,
The *Gentleman*, the *Scholar*, and the *Friend*.

II.

On gilded Earth we 're fondly bent:
Short Life with Little is content.

The

The Tide of Blood, whose sportive Race
Inlarg'd the Veins, and flush'd the Face:
Which wanton'd in the lively Eye,
Will ebb, and leave the Channel dry.
Smooth *Youth* will, like the *Sun*, retreat,
Drive backward its *Solstitial Heat*.
Time will the Winter of our Years expose
To frigid Age and hoary Snows.
Then *Love* with all his Ammunition flies,
And wanders for some nobler Prize;
Some active Youth, for his performing Dart,
No more to strike your worthless Heart;
No more shall gentle Slumber close your waking Eyes.

III.

Succeeding Months change *Nature's* Face,
Dethroning with a swift Decay

That

That reigning Pride, that vernal Grace
Which bloſſom'd in the flow'ry *May*:
The *Miſtreſs* of the *Skies*, the *Moon*,
Which now the *azure Heav'n* adorns,
Shall rowl her *leſs'ning Orb* from her *Nocturnal*
(*Noon*,
With *feeble Beams* and *waining Horns*;
Nor will ſhe always rule the *Night*
With equal Bluſhes, equal Light.
The preſent Minutes are the beſt;
To *Providence* commit the reſt.
Let trifling *To*——*d* and his empty Tribe
Preſumptuouſly attempt to find
The *Counſels* of th' *Eternal Mind*,
And *ſhallow Reaſon* for a *Rule* preſcribe.
With Arms uncapable to ſwim,
He labours in his Fairy Dream,
Till with inferiour Strength he plunge th' unfa-
(thomable Stream.

IV.

To Wisdom Infinite we wisely leave
What our short Opticks never can conceive.
We justle in the Dark to know
The secret Cause of Things below.
And if We some small Knowledge get,
'Tis hammer'd out with Pains and Sweat.
Then let old Nature's Mysteries alone
To *Ray*, to *Lister*, or to *Sloane*.
While thus more chearfully we sit,
And taste the Season of the Year
Beneath this spreading Oak, and hear
The sportive Innocence of Wit.
Round us the merry Poets of the Spring
Instruct us how to Live and Sing.
'Tis SECOND CHARLES's glorious Day,

Boy,

Boy, bring the *Florence*; let us shew
What to his Memory we owe;
What Bankrupt we can never pay,
To Him, who sav'd a sad Distracted Nation,
By happy Omens of his Birth, and happier Restoration.

IV.

ANN, British Monarch, Pious and Divine,
Sprung from the Royal *STUART*'s Line.
Fill up the Glass: Let every Man
Begin a Health to Royal *ANN*;
Wish she may still survive to see

Her *Second Self* in some immortal Progeny!
Thus in good Friendships were I always blest,
I could with Joy my Fortunes bear,
Nor envy *D*------'s poor Estate:

Thus cou'd I ever reſt,
Above th' ambitious Hunger of the Great:
Slacken'd from all importune Care,
But that which SERAPHINA blows into my glowing Breaſt.
Go, Muſe, and bring her home, and tell
How much her Beauty and her Love
Our Happineſs will heighten and improve:
A Happineſs which nothing can excel,
But that we hope to find ABOVE.

An

To *Stephen Harvey*, Eſq;

In Imitation of *Horace's* Ode 3. Book I.

Quem tu, Melpomene, ſemel
Naſcentem placido lumine videris, &c.

I.

THE Man, whom once the ſmiling Muſe
Has nouriſh'd with *Caſtalian* Dews,
Soon as he makes Life's firſt Eſſay,
New to the World, and Stranger to the Day,
Muſt bid a long Farewel to All
Which Happineſs by *Irony* we call.
Nor ſhall he to the *Indies* roam
Nor buſtle in the *Change* at home:

Nor ſhall he eminent appear
In *Chancery* or *Weſtminſter*;
Unleſs, like *HARVEY*, He can joyn
The ſmoother Labours of the Nine
With the rough Study of the Bar.

II.

Unskill'd to guide the foaming Steed,
To curb his Rage, or rule his Speed,
When his wing'd Heels ſcarce print the place,
He ſhall not Rival in his Race
The flying Courſers of *New-market* Breed.
Him neither claſhing Arms nor Camps ſhall pleaſe,
(The Muſes court Retirement and ſoft Eaſe)
No ſlaught'ring Weapon ſhall he wield,
In bloody Wars no Honour gain,
Nor climb the *Pyrenæans* of the Slain

In

In the discolour'd Field,
Fam'd *Hockstet*, or *Ramillia's* Fatal Plain;
Known for *Bavaria's Second Fall*,
And the swift Flight of the defeated *Gaul*,
Too impotent in hopes to grasp the *Universal* Ball.

III.

Nor shall he for *Vigovian* Spoils
Or more renown'd *Brabantine* Toils,
On a Thanksgiving-Day repair
To *Paul's* in a Triumphant Coach,
Nor amidst thund'ring Shouts, which wound the Air,
Make his magnificent Approach.
Nor shall he shine in History,
In Annals or in Poetry,
Because near *Barcino*, or *Calpe's* Shore,

(Old Ocean from Tyrannick Fleets to free)
From Rash *Thoutouse's* Hand he tore
The TRIDENT of the Sea.

IV.

To bind the Poet's peaceful Brows
New Laurel in the Forrest grows,
If nigh the Banks of murm'ring *Thames*,
(Rival in Praise with *Heliconian* Streams)
In *Mantuan* Numbers he excel,
Or like *Mæonides*; describe Campaigns,
Or, skilful in *Pindaric* Strains,
Strike the Melodious Shell.
O *Muse*, sweet Empress of the Lyre!
If Thou exalt my chosen Name
Among the Foremost in the List of Fame,
And *HARVEY*, Great and Good, inspire:

AUGUSTA's Sons shall deign to place
Your Votary among the Tuneful Race,
Whose Verse no Teeth of Time, nor snarling
Envy, shall Deface.

An

An Epithalamium.

COme, lovely Youths, who never try'd
The Bleſſings of a charming Bride;
And You, who never yet could tell
What Pleaſures in a Bridegroom dwell,
Obſerve this Happy Couple well.
You ſofteſt Virgins come, and ſee
How ſweet the Joys of Marriage be.
Attend them to the Nuptial Bed,
And there the *Roſe* and *Lilly* ſpread.
Tho' if we rightly things compare,
It ſeems unneceſſary Care,
They more than *Roſes ſweet*, and more than *Lillies* fair.

II.

Play harmonious Notes, begin,
Strike the sprightly Violin;
Let every Instrument and Art
Of Melody perform its Part.
What Musick can like Them agree?
Can any *Song* or *Consort* be
Brisk as the *Bridegroom*, and as soft as *She*?
Bid the Drum beat, and move
The ready Warriours to the Feat of *Love*.
A silent War, which breeds no Wounds,
Which needs not the shrill Trumpet's Sounds,
To hearten the brave Soldier on,
And drown the last departing Groan.
It is the *Husband* and the *Wife*
Who here decide the fatal Strife,
And yet the *Companions* die to give new *Heroes* Life.

III. Hail

III.

Hail Happy Pair! and may the World behold
In You, the Reliques of the Age of Gold!
Or let us ceaſe to ſay, how Men
Enjoy'd unſully'd Bleſſings then:
How the *Firſt Couple* liv'd before the *Fall*,
But take from You th' Original.
So, like the *Sun*, (for things below
Are leſs than can my Wiſhes ſhow)
May You in Age and Vigour grow!
May You, like Him, each Year create, and ſee
New Plants, and ſmile upon your beauteous Progeny!
So plac'd above the vulgar Crowd,
Like Him, with conſtant Glory ſhine,
Without His Spots, without his Cloud,
Both when You riſe, and when decline,

Like

Like Him, to newer Business; tho' he seems
To take his Lodging in *Hesperian* Streams:
Yet, while to Us he ceases to disclose
His Rays, He sets to Labour, not Repose,
And in new Worlds his scatt'ring Vigour sows.

A

On

On a Lady, of a Voice incomparably ſweet, who died Young.

AS a ſweet Bird, to reſt his weary Wings,
Takes to a Wood, and on ſome ſtately Tree,
Ne'er dreaming of his Miſery,
Tunes his harmonious Throat, and ſings:
Till a remorſleſs Wretch, whoſe Ears
Ne'er felt the Force of Melody and Verſe,
With an unpitying Hand deſtroys
The *feather'd Charmer's* Voice.
So fair *Emilia* did excell;
So She ſung, and ſo She fell.
Abruptly ſnatch'd away by haſty *Death*,
Who ſtopp'd his Ears, to ſtop her Breath:

For

For much he fear'd, that if he ſhould delay
To hear Her ſing, He ſhould for ever ſtay.

II.

Sweet Charmer! Thou art mounted to the Skies,
Where an eternal Ecſtaſy goes round:
With what Attendance to the Gods ſhe flies!
How all the Heav'ns reſound!
See where the *laurel'd Angels* ſit!
Hark! how the *ſacred Poets* ſtring
Their golden Inſtruments, and ſing!
But ſhe is ſilent yet.
When She begins ſome *Heav'nly Air*,
Some *Hymn* ſo *excellent* and *rare*,
Sure 'twill inhance the *Bleſſings* there.

Daphne's Denyal.

WHen *Daphne* o'er the Meadows fled
To ſave her untouch'd Maidenhead,
And ſhun *Apollo's* Suit:
The haughty Virgin did not fear
His certain Darts, nor ſcorn to hear
The Muſick of his *Lute*.

II.

No: ſomething elſe muſt needs create
The Cauſe of ſuch a cruel Hate:
And this was her Condition;
She lov'd the *God*, as he was *fair*,
And of a bright immortal *Air*,
But hated the *Phyſician*.

A
DITHYRAMBICK:
Imitated from the Greek of Bacchylides.

Γλυκεῖ' ἀνάγκη σβόμενα πυίλναν.

BACCHUS, the Seed of Thund'ring *Jove*,
Begot the Queen of *Love*.
Whatever *Ancient Poets* feign,
Who, in a *cold* and *sober Vein*,
Thought *sprightly Heat* could from *dull Water* rise;

And thence they lifted to the Skies
The greateſt of the Deities.
But ſure a *Goddeſs* ſo *Divine*
Would ſcorn th' ennervate *Froth* and unperform-
ing *Drink*,
And owe her Birth to nothing leſs than *Wine*.
Above the Glaſs, and ſpeckled by the Brim,
Down, down ſhe goes, o'er ev'ry Part
The Gentle Goddeſs reigns:
I feel her trickle in my Veins,
And ſteal upon my Heart.
Now, now I view my LORD in all's Charms,
And now I claſp her in my Arms.
Those grave Impertinents which damp my Love
And

And interrupt Deſire.
Blow then beyond the ſtrongeſt Eaſt and Weſt,
And in the Ganges plunge Deſpair,
As in this Glaſs I drown my Care,
And drive it an Eternal Exile from my Breaſt.

II.

Hence, dreaming Loyterers! the Spring draws nigh;
We'll to the Wars; Bid the Drum beat,
And Trumpet ſound: For we will meet
In Battle, and prevent th' inſulting Enemy.
Why this delaying? Come, march on,
Let not the *Rhine*, nor Sea your Paſſage ſtop;
But ſwim it o'er, or drink it up;
Till we have *Hannibal* out-gone,
Or that poor weeping Conqueror of *Mexico*.

We are Bold *Britons* all, and scorn to shed
A Tear, except it runs in red.
We'll spend our precious Gore,
And when that's out we'll drink for more,
And fill our Veins with nobler Blood, and better
(Life restore.
Come on! My leading Genius calls,
Storm *Namure*, and shake the Walls.
Down, down they fall!
Death and Destruction triumph over All,
And we reign Arbitrary Monarchs o'er the Con-
(quer'd Ball.

III.

Whatever I behold
Is Silver all, and *Indian* Gold.
Chrysis, and He who drank the foaming Bowl

Of floating Gold, was but a common Soul,

Compar'd to Me,

To whom the Riches of the Sea

With ev'ry Billow rowl.

—No: I shall ne'er be poor, shall never pine

For wants of Money, or of Wine.

Here's a whole Fleet, a Cargo come,

Some from the *Streights*, from the *East-Indies* (some.

Some fill my Granaries with Corn,

And some into my Coffers pour

All *Pointy*'s pillag'd Wealth, an unexhausted Store:

Here rowls a Sea of Wine from *Bourdeaux* and (*Leghorn*.

So can the pow'rful Grape our Reason cheat,

And o'er our giddy Fancy reign.

Till from the *Trance* recover'd, we regain

Our better Minds, and find it all Deceit.

LOVE and *MUSICK*,

An ODE for the Entertainment of the Musical CLUB in *Cambridge*, 1700.

The Two first Stanza's, *and the last*, *are Set to Musick by* Mr. Quarles of Trinity-College.

To VENUS.

COme, *Cytherea*, from Thy *Paphian* Bower,
Bring ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry Smile
To favour the *Britannick* Isle,
And listen while we Celebrate thy Power.
Upon the Dewy Ground
With Flowry Garlands crown'd,

Thy ſweet *Adonis* lays his Head
With bluſhing Roſes round him ſpread,
And op'ning Lillies for his Bed.

II.

Hark! he calls in Muſick's Voice;
With am'rous Talk the prattling Strings
Reſound, and thy *Adonis* ſings,
While the loud Trumpet's ſprightly Noiſe
Calls the brisk Violin, and ſoft Flute,
And manly Viol to diſpute
The Conqueſt, and with Triumph gains the Cauſe.

Chorus. *Come*, Cytherea, *come, we all agree,*
That Love *and* Muſick *make the World's ſweet Harmony.*

III. Pro-

III.

Prolifick Queen! from Heav'n descend,
Mount thy gay Chariot, drawn by milky Doves,
With all thy little Troop of Loves,
Which fill thy Train, thy Court attend.
She comes! she comes! Prepare the glorious (Way
With Musick, and salute the Day.
Her wanton Sparrows first appear
And celebrate the new-born Year.
The Lark repeats her lofty Song;
And, stretching out her mounting Wings,
By weary Steps to Heav'n she springs,
And strikes it with her Tongue.
While the shrill Linnet tunes her Silver Throat,
And *Philomel* instructs her warbling Young
With melancholy Note.

IV.

IV.

Venus obeys the signal Sound:
She views the Sunny Hills around,
And from the Sky descends to bless the pregnant Ground.
The Groves erect their Branchy Heads,
And when new liquid Life she pours,
The healing Plants and fragrant Flowers
Rise from their humid Beds.
Numidian Lions feel her gentle Power;
And, soften'd into Tenderness and Love,
Lay down their Fierceness, and forget to roar;
When o'er the howling Wilderness they rove,
To seek their tawny Paramour;
Th'untroubled Ocean flows
With a serener Tide;

Tritons

Tritons above the Waves, emergent, ride,
And each his ratling Coral blows.
Come, Goddeſs, and exert thy Reign;
At thy Approach large *Phœæ* play,
Submitting to thy eaſie Sway,
And all the Scaly People of the Main,
Thee, *Sea-born Queen*, obey.

V.

Love, like a ſubtil Poyſon creeps
On Man, and there his Empire keeps.
Riſe, *Anthony*, repair thy ruin'd Fame,
And waken to a Nobler Flame.
The Trumpet calls thee, and the Drum
Rattles; *Octavius* and the *Romans* come,
To find a ſecond ACTIUM.
Lo! rouz'd from his deep Lethargy,

Horrid

Horrid in Steel the Hero shines afar,
Like *Mars*, when rushing to the War;
But VENUS smiles to see
By *Venus* taught, th' *Egyptian* Queen prepares
Softer Musick, tender Airs,
Delighted *Cupids* clap their Wings,
And temper all the Magick Strings.
Down, down the melting Lover lies,
Lull'd in th' inchanting Sorceress's Arms,
He feels the Witchcraft of her Eyes,
And *true Egyptian* Charms.

VI.

What cannot *Love* and *Musick* do?
Love sent the *Thracian* Bard down to the Shades (below,
When to his Lute the Savages he drew,
And rapid Rivers ceas'd to flow.

Thrice

Thrice, *Eurydice*, he cry'd!
Hell, Thrice, *Eurydice* reply'd.
Then on the steep inuperable Hill
The Stone of *Sysiphus* stood still,
And *Musick* stopt the running Wheel.
He Sung and Play'd,
The *Stygian* Pow'rs obey'd,
And from the pale Infernal Throng
Streight to his Arms reflor'd the beauteous Shade,
So Mighty was his Love! So wondrous was his
(Song!

VI.

On
Thrice

On a Gentleman drawing his Own Picture, Sept. 1703.

SUch Strokes so Bold, so Eloquent, and True,
Were Those which Nature's forming Pencil drew,
When in your Features she at first design'd
T' express an Excellence of Human kind.
So You, with wond'rous Skill surprize and please,
Bold to Refine upon a Master-piece.
Your Touch so graceful, and so strong your Art,
There's all of Nature, but the Speaking Part.
Yet ev'n in that we're willingly deceiv'd;
Our Eyes are false, nor are our Ears believ'd.
Let *Chloë*, if thy Flame she disapprove,
Look on thy Picture, and she dies with Love.

Had

Had Great *Apelles* in ſuch Lines been dreſt,
So ſpoke in Paint, by his own Hands expreſt;
The skilful Artiſt had more Honour won,
Than by the *Cyprian* Queen, or *Philip*'s Son.

Paint on: The *Britiſh* Genius draw, (ſince You
Can for your ſelf perform what none can do)
In *ANNA*'s Face; Nor need your Art deſpair,
Mix *Jove* and *Venus formidably* Fair.
Here let the *Thunder* from her Navy fly,
And there the *Lightning* ſparkle from her Eye.

The

The REPEATER.

Out of Martial, l. 3. Ep. 37.

Occurrit tibi nemo quod libenter, &c.

YOU often ask, Sir, when we meet,
Why all Men ſhun you in the Street:
Why ev'ry place, where'er you go,
A loneſome Solitude does grow.
The Reaſon is, if you would know it,
You ſmell too rank, Sir, of the Poet.
And truſt me, 'tis a dangrous Crime
To worry Men to Death with Rhime.
Robb'd Tigreſſes, mad Bulls, and Bears,
Are not ſo dreaded or ſo fierce
As thoſe who *Bedlam* it in Verſe.

For,

For, tell me, Sir, what Man of Senſe
Can bear with ſuch Impertinence?
Eternal Dulneſs, which would tire
A *Socrates*, or *Job* to hear.

Where'er I walk, where'er I run,
Your perſecute me like a Dun.
Or if I ſtand, or if I ſit,
I'm plagu'd with your inhumane Wit.
If I go home with Reſolution,
To fly Poetick Perſecution,
And ſtudy very hard to find
A way to pay you in your kind;
In vain I on the Muſes call
For Help; for you ingroſs them all.

No place is ſafe; for if I fly
To cooling Streams, or Rivers nigh;

Yet

Yet ſtill you hover o'er the Brim,
Repeating faſter than I ſwim.
To Sup I go, where you *Repeat*
Ten Verſes every Bit I eat.
With Hearing ſpent, and almoſt dead,
I fly for Refuge to my Bed,
Me, the Still Night, think I, ſecures,
When every Tongue is mute, but Yours.
Me from Your Voice no Night can keep;
Like Ghoſt in Chains You cloſely creep;
And, ratling, chime away my Sleep.

Sir, would you know what harm you do?
You're Juſt, you're Innocent and True.
Your Vertue's honour'd; but your Metre
Is curs'd by All, Thou *Damn'd Repeater!*

The ASS.

From Monsieur Fontaine.

IN *Italy*, as Authors tell us,
There liv'd a Painter wondrous Jealous:
Tormented with a *Female Evil*,
Tempting, and Subtil as the *Devil*.
A slippery *Proteus*, whom no Chain,
Nor all the Padlocks could contain.

Thus she created frequent Smart
To Husband's aking Head and Heart.
And 'twas the Business of his Life
How to Confine that *Eel* his *Wife*.

Inventing Noddle seems at last
With an *Odd Whim* to hold her fast.

Resolv'd with Brush his Art to shew,
Whate'er he can't perform below.
He drew an *Ass* with wondrous Skill
On the soft Brow of *Penn-Hill*.

Thus, if she stray'd he could for certain
Know her, by drawing up the *Curtain*.
Or, if a Neighbour were so bold
To leap the Fence, or break the Hold,
The *Ass* would speak,——

But ah! how vain our Counsels are,
And all our Plots against the Fair!
Comes an old Friend, a Pencil-Brother,
Rubs out one *Ass*, and paints *Another*.
But adding what the First did lack,
He draws a *Saddle* on the Back.

CHLOE was wondrous pleas'd and smil'd;
To think how *Segnior* was beguil'd:
Who reeling home one Evening late,
With *Mellow Looks*, and *Jealous Pate*,
Vow'd he'd not take a Wink of Sleep,
Without one dear departing Peep.
Will you distrust me, *Chlöe* cry'd,
Inhuman Man! and wipes her Eyes.
Take then your Spectacles, and view it:
Th' *Ass* is as whole, as when you drew it.
I see my *Ass* is whole, my Dear,
Quoth *Don*, as when I left it here:
But P---ue take him whoreclap'd the Saddle there.

An Ode out of Anacreon.

HOW feeble are my Limbs! how pall
My Hoary Hairs begin to fall!
My withering Veins no longer beat,
With *ſpringing Blood*, and *lively Heat*.
Periſh'd is all that *Comely Grace*,
That Bloom, which flouriſh'd in my Face,
And Wrinkles now ſupply the Place,
And now the ſmall remaining Meaſure
Of Life, is ſhort, without the Pleaſure.

This does *repeated Groans* create,
This Truth with Horror I relate,
And tremble at approaching Fate.

I know the Dey will come, when I
Muſt hear my Doom, *Prepare to Die.*
'Tis *Hell* I fear, that gaping Pit;
How dreadful the Deſcent to it!
Who ſhoot that Gulf, muſt ne'er return,
But in Eternal Darkneſs mourn.

The

The 103d Psalm Paraphras'd.

A Thanksgiving after a Deliverance from Sickness and Trouble.

Jan. 1703,4.

GLory, my Soul, and Blessing give
To God Alone, by whom you live;
To God, whose Mercy did impart
New Health and Vigour to my Heart.
Nor cease, my sprightly Blood, to shew
His Love, who taught you how to Flow;
Who rais'd me from *Disease* and *Sin*,
From *Ills without*, and *Ills within*.
Just had they plung'd me to the Grave,
But *These* he Cur'd, and *Those* Forgave.

His *Melting Pity*, *Tender Grace*,
Like a bright *Diadem's* Embrace,
Blaz'd round my Head, and Lighten'd in my Face.
Thou, Lord, art infinitely Good,
Thou, like an Eagle's, hast renew'd
My Youth; and like an Eagle, I
Will mount, and tell thy Praises thro the Sky.

II.

Tell how nor Death, nor Hell's more dreadful Stings,
Can shake a Soul o'ershadow'd with thy Saving Wings.
Tell how *Egyptian Lords* in vain,
With Iron Hands presume to reign;
When for their Tyranny and Wrong,
Billows on crowding Billows throng,

And Whelm the *Haughty Host* in th' *Erythrean*
(Main.
This *Moses* saw, when on the farther Strand
He wav'd aloft the *mighty Wand*,
And th' Amaz'd Sea his Ancient Strength re-
(gain'd.
O Wonders of insuperable Height!
Above the Stretch of Reason! shewn
To *Jacob's* Moody Race alone:
Unfathomable Depth of Mercy Infinite!
So strong the Rivers of his Goodness flow!
So Swift his Love! His Wrath so Slow!
Which, if it chance to Swell, and rise
To meet our Crimes, which dare the Skies;
His *Pity* then begins to chide
His Rage, and Calm the *Rapid Tide*.
His *Crushing Thunder*, which might justly Slay,
Is only Shaken at *Unmindful Clay*.

And

And, to lay down so oft the *Lifted Rod*,
Speaks the *Kind Father*, and *Forbearing God*.

III.

As this Round Globe's inferiour Face,
Compar'd with yon' Ethereal Space,
Is but a Point to those Above:
So Infinite is Heav'nly Love
To a Religious Race.
Thy Mercy, Lord, from Sin has set us free,
As farthest East is from the Western Sea,
So distant are our Crimes from Us and Thee.
Tho' We, thro Weakness, ev'ry Hour
Like Idle, Heedless Children, fall,
Thou like a Father, spar'st all
Who love Thy *Goodness*, and who fear Thy *Pow'r*.
Thou knowest whence we came;
How brittle Dust compos'd our Frame:

Like

Like Vessels in the Potter's Hand,
Too Prone to break! too Weak to stand!

IV.

Can Nature's Dress appear more Gay,
Than in her Darling flow'ry *May*?
Yet must those short-liv'd Honours of the Field
To the rude North their Beauty yield;
Or to the cruel *Scythe* become a Prey.
Such are our Days, an empty Shade:
Death stalks behind us, to deride
Our noisie Vanity and Pride,
Which smil'd like Lillies, and like them decay'd,
Nothing is sure and permanent below,
Corruption reigns within us as we grow.
Thou only, Glorious Father, e're the World be-

(gun,
Wast,

Wert, and shalt be for ever, when all Worlds
are done;
When Time's no more: Then shall thy Blessed
Saints
Be rank'd among the Bright Inhabitants.
They, with their Children's Children then shall
see
Along Succession of Posterity;
Who practis'd what thy Prophets taught,
Sincere in Word, and pure in Thought.
They with *Repenting Sinners*, shall thy Mercies
taste,
And Joys, which never can be told, and never can
be past.

V.

High supereminent in Heav'n, the Throne
Of God is fix'd: He Reigns Alone.
All Things above us, and below, obey
His Just, his Good, his Universal Sway:
While the proud Lords of this round Mole-hill (here,
Like Emmets, in his Sight appear,
Mere Royal Worms, and Gilded Clay.
Praise him, ye holy Angels, which excel
In Strength, or *Michael*, or *Ithuriel*,
Or *Gabriel*; Blest Names! who fly
At his Command, from ev'ry Corner of the Sky.
Whose high Examples teach us to fulfil
His Word, and execute his Will.

His

His Name let ev'ry Creature bless,
All Things in Air, Earth, Sea, their Gratitude express:
And Thou, my Soul, thy *Pious Offering* bring
To God, the Wise, the Gracious King.
Who Life to Thee, and Being gave,
Who now has snatch'd Thee from the Grave,
And taught Thee whom to praise, and how to sing.

The

II.

The 130*th Psalm Paraphras'd.*

AS a Poor Wretch, by Tempests toss't,
His Vessel wreck't, and Venture lost,
With feeble Arms contends in vain,
Against the Surges of the Main:
Then casting round him his despairing Eyes,
Sees nothing but *High Seas*, and *Lowring Skies*,
The Billows rowl above, and plunge him as they
(rise;
So, like the Waves, my Crimes oppress me
(down;
So shall I sink, and so shall drown:
Unless my Voice reach thy *Attentive Ears*,
Unless, *Great God*, Thou free me from my Fears,
Whelm'd in th' Abyss of Sin, and drown'd in
(Tears.

II.

A Lord, should'st Thou act a Judge's part,
And at thy Awful Tribunal stand
With all thy *Thunder* in thy Hand,
To search the Secrets of the Heart;
(As Nothing's hid from thy *All-seeing Eye*)
Should'st Thou our *Inmost Actions* try,
Our Looking Holes of *Wicked Thoughts*,
Our Frailties, and our wilful Faults:
Who cou'd the Scrutiny abide?
Who cou'd be Sav'd? Who Justify'd?
But Thou art Mercy, Thou art prone to spare,
And shew a *Tender Father's* Care.
Nor wilt our *Evil Deeds* expose;
But Wink at These, and Pardon Those.

For this thy Name each Day and Night we'll (raise
With Heart and Voice; And, as we rightly (thou'd;
Express our Reverence and Gratitude;
And never cease to Pray, and never cease to Praise.

III.

Not so in Camps the Centinel oppress'd
With Watching, and with Want of Rest,
Wears out, impatient, the long sleepless Night
In Wishes for the Morning Light:
As thy Salvation to obtain,
I watch, O Lord; nor watch in vain.
To thy Try'd Mercy, and Repeated Grace,
Bold on the Wings of Faith I fly,
And on Thy Promises rely
Made to Thy Chosen Race.

VI.

O *Jacob's* Race, no more Despair,
But trust in God with Faith and Pray'r:
His Bounteous Mercy will impart
Remission to thy Sins, and Comfort to thy Heart.
Yet think not that his Mercy is confin'd
To *Jacob's* Seed alone of all Mankind.
Where'er his True Believers dwell,
They are his Portion, his lov'd *Israel*.
Those and You he shall Redeem,
And tho' our Crimes would drain the Fountain dry,
Yet still that unexhausted Stream
Flows, and will flow for ever with a fresh Supply.

VI.

The 148*th Psalm Paraphras'd.*

YE Blest Inhabitants, who dwell
Above th' expanded Starry Space;
Ye Beings of Celestial Race,
Begin the Noble Song, and God's Just Praises tell.
Those Blessed Powers I mean, whose Sacred Lays
Are ever dedicated to His Praise.
Who His Eternal Majesty proclaim,
And never cease to glorifie His Name.
Praise him, ye Lamps of Heav'n, ye glittering Stars;
And You, O Sun and Moon, unweary'd Travellers:
Wherever round the World you go,
Whatever Clime You visit here below,
His worthy Praises sing, His Noble Wonders show.

II.

Ceaſe not Ye Heav'n of Heav'ns; nor Thou,
O Heav'nly Ocean beſide,
Where never Winds did in their ratling Coaches
(ride,
Or diſcompoſe thy Watry Brow:
Where never raging Storms did roar;
Where never Mariners did cut their Way,
Except the *Bleſſed Mariners*, They,
Who thro' this Sea are wafted to their Heav'nly
(Shore.
Praiſe him, ye Seas; and as you rowl along
Tune all your Waters with a Grateful Song.
Never, O never ſilent be;
But let Poſterity his Wonders hear,
His Acts to late Poſterity declare,

How at his *FIAT* th' undigeſted Heap
From *Chaos* Womb began to leap.
For ever keep my Law, ſaid He,
Firm and Unſhaken, ſtand in perfect Unity,
Nor Fate, nor Time, ſhall break th' unchangeable
Decree.

III.

Let Earth, and all her Num'rous Iſſue prove,
As full of Gratitude and Love,
As thoſe Celeſtial Creatures are Above.
Whether they Sheep or Lions be,
Which Bleat on Fruitful Paſture Lands,
Lions and Sheep ſhall in his praiſe agree
Or howl o'er *Libya*'s Burning Sands:
Praiſe him, ye Fiſhes, which the Ocean ſweep,
With Great *Leviathan* of monſtrous Size,
Who takes his Paſtime in the Deep,
And ſpouts againſt the Skies.

IV.

Nor ſhall the Liquid World alone declare
His Praiſe, but all the Regions of the Air
Where Thunders rowl, and Lightnings ſhine,
Shall in the Univerſal *Chorus* joyn.
The rattling Hail, and Fleecy Snow,
And Winds which from each Corner blow
When with their Breath rough Storms they raiſe
To execute his Word below,
Shall ſpeak his Wonders, and exalt his Praiſe.
Let joyful Echo's ev'ry Valley fill,
And ev'ry Mountain, ev'ry Hill:
Till the glad Sound does to the Trees repair,
Till *Lebanon*'s Tall Cedars hear:
Till the wild Beaſts, which round the Foreſt rove

Become Serene and Tame,
Taught by the Vocal Grove,
In smoother Strains to praise their Makers Name.
Praise him, ye Birds of an unweary'd Wing,
Whether you in the Woods delight to sing,
Or fill the Air with an harmonious Lay,
To God your grateful Notes and Harmony repay.

V.

Nor, you O Kings and Princes, cease to sing:
Ye Great Vice-Gods of this Terrestrial Ball,
Do You the humble Tribute bring
To God the Universal King,
The Father, and acknowledg'd Lord of All.
Him let all Nations and all People praise,
From whence the Sun begins his Morning Race,
Till down he drives his Chariot in the *Western Seas.*

Him let all Human kind adore;
The Blooming Youth, and Lovely Maid,
And Hoary Age, by Time decay'd,
And helpleſs Infancy expreſs his Power.
Thus his dear Saints ſhall ſpend their Night and Day;
Thus ſhall his Darling *Iſrael* praiſe and pray,
And ſing an everlaſting *Hallelujah*.

De-

Deſcenſio Sancti Spiritus.

COnſedêre Senes, viſæ deſcendere linguæ,
Quaſſa ſtrepunt tecti mœnia, ſaxa gemunt.
Quid tonuiſſe Aquilam magni Jovis arma ferentem
Miramur? cùm jam Sancta Columba tonat.

THE Sacred Twelve with rev'rend Silence meet,
Devoutly waiting for the *Paraclete.*
Lo! from the Clouds an unknown Glory broke,
And *Fiery Tongues* God's Approbation ſpoke.
The Shaken Raftures were amaz'd to ſee
And Trembling Stones confeſs'd the Deity.

No

No more, Great God, shall Fiction boast her Jove:
This argues for Thy Government above,
An Eagle bore his Thunder, Thine the Dove.

On the ceasing of the Oracles upon the Birth of our Blessed Saviour.

WHen from Almighty Wrath the *Saviour* fled,
To Sacrifice his Meritorious Head;
To live an Exile from his Ancient Throne,
And suffer for Offences, not his Own:
False Deities ador'd the Child, and fell
Down to their *Primitive Damnation*, Hell.
The *Delphick Priestess* was no more inspir'd,
Phœbus stood Silent, and in Mists retir'd.
More strong than Thunder were this *Infant*'s Nods,
That strikes the Lofty Temples, These the Gods.

To his Friend on the Following Poem.

At length our English *Tongue is happy made,*
And our Wit's *grown industrious as our* Trade.
The Reverend Prophet *now with Joy may see*
The utmost of his Wish fulfill'd in Thee.
All Foreign Wit *in* Engliſh Dreſs *diſplay'd*
Without the Help of any Foreign Aid.
Whatever Ancient Greece, *or* Rome *could boaſt,*
Is now tranſplanted to the Britiſh *Coaſt.*
Now all their bright Perfections *ſcatter'd ſhine*
In Various Poems, but unite in Thine.
So the Sun yields a double Heat *and* Light,
When in a Glaſs his ſcatter'd Beams unite.
Mæon's *Great Son no longer ſhall confine*
To his fam'd Verſe the Force of Heat Divine.

Our

Our God-like Milton *has as nobly wrote,*
And sings as boldly as his Angels *fought.*
Judicious Dryden *may with* Virgil *claim*
Of Just, yet Daring Flights, the prudent Fame.
Waller *in Verse as tender as his* Love,
Like soft Catullus, *does our Passions move.*
The Boundless Fancy of the Lyrick Song
To Horace, *and to* Cowley *does belong.*
Bion *and* Congreve *shall in Mournful Strains*
Lament untimely Fate *to Weeping Swains.*
Brave Cutar, *like* Tyrteus, *shall engage*
The Hero's Courage, and the Poet's Rage.
Oldham *and* Juvenal *in keenest Rhimes*
Shall lash the Follies of degen'rate Times.

Whither does Fancy hurry me along?
To You, my Friend, this Province does belong.

Your

Your Copious Wit alone can Theirs express,
And only Yours can suit an equal Dress.
Your flowing Numbers I can alone dispense
The Warmest Fancy with the Coolest Sense.
Your Heat of Youth can Tower a Milton's *Flight,*
And Judgment can, like Virgil, *steer it right.*
Oh may some Genius, *like your self arise*
Whose Wit *and* Learning *may the World surprize!*
As You have given each tuneful Bard his Due,
May he confer the same Reward on You!

W. Worts.

To

To his Friend on the following Poem;

OThers their Praise may gratefully bestow,
And pay that Debt, which they to Merit owe;
But I'm indebted on a double score,
Much for your Verse, *but for your* Friendship *more:*
And who an Equal Recompence can tell
For one who sings, and one who loves so well?
To praise your Verse, *is what the most will do;*
I would do something more in praising You.
And yet the Task's so great to praise a Friend,
That I much rather would your Verse commend.
I would indeed: but something in your Lines
So Strange, so Dazling, so Peculiar shines;
That loud-tongu'd Praise must here be at a stand,
And silent Wonder only must commend.

W. Dove.

Of

Of POETRY.

1. Its Antiquity. 2. Its Progress. 3. Its Improvement.

A

POEM.

SURE when the Maker in his Heav'nly Breast
Design'd a Creature to command the rest,
Of all th' * *Erected Progeny of Clay* * *Antiquity of Poetry*
His Noblest Labour was his *First Essay.*
There shone th' Eternal Brightness, and a Mind
Proportion'd for the Father of Mankind.
The Vigor of Omnipotence was seen
In his high Actions, and Imperial Mien.

Inrich'd

Inrich'd with Arts, unſtudy'd and untaught,
With loftineſs of Soul, and dignity of Thought
To Rule the World, and what he Rul'd to Sing,
And be at once the Poet and the King.
Whether his Knowledge with his breath he drew,
And ſaw the Depth of Nature at a View;
Or, new deſcending from th' Angelick race,
Retain'd ſome tincture of his Native Place.

Fine was the Matter of the curious Frame,
Which lodg'd his * *Fiery Gueſt*, and like the ſame
Nor was a leſs Reſemblance in his Senſe,
His Thoughts were lofty, juſt his Eloquence.
Whene're He ſpoke, from his *Seraphick* Tongue
Ten Thouſand comely Graces, ever young,
With new *Calliopes* and *Clio's* ſprung.
No ſhackling Rhyme chain'd the free Poet's mind,

* The Soul, according to the Platoniſts. So *Virgil*: *Auræ ſimplicis ignem.*

Majeſtick was His Style, and unconfin'd.
Vaſt was each Sentence, and each wondrous ſtrain
Sprung forth, unlabour'd, from His fruitful Brain.

But when He yielded to deluding Charms,
Th' Harmonious Goddeſs ſhun'd His empty Arms.
The Muſe no more his ſacred Breaſt inſpir'd,
But to the Skies, her Ancient Seat, retir'd.
Yet here and there *Celeſtial Seeds* She threw,
And rain'd *melodious Bleſſings* as She flew.
Which ſome receiv'd, whom Gracious Heav'n deſign'd
For high Employments, and their Clay refin'd.
Who, of a *Species* more ſublime, can tame
The ruſhing God, and ſtem the rapid Flame.
When in their breaſts th'impetuous *Numen* rowls,
And with uncommon heaves ſwells their Diviner Souls.

Thus

Thus the *Companion of the Godhead *Mosi.
sung,
And wrote upon those Reeds from whence he
Sprung.
He, first of Poets, told how Infant Light,
Unknown before, dawn'd from the Womb of
Night.
How Sin and Shame th' *Unhappy Couple* knew,
And thro' affrighted *Eden*, more affrighted, flew.
How God advanc'd his Darling *Abram's* fame,
In the sure Promise of his lengthen'd Name.
On *Horeb's* Top, or *Sinah's* flaming Hill
Familiar Heav'n reveal'd his Sacred Will.
Unshaken then *Seth's* stony Column stood,
Surviving the Destruction of the Flood.
His Father's Fall was letter'd on the Stone.
Thence Arts, Inventions, Sciences were Known.

Thence Divine *Moſes*, with exalted thought,
In *Hebrew* Lines the *Worlds Beginning* wrote.

The Gift of Verſe deſcended to (the Jews, The Progreſs of Poetry.
Inſpir'd with ſomething nobler than a Muſe.
Here *Deborah* in fiery rapture ſings,
The Rout of Armies, and the Fall of Kings.
Thy Torrent, *Kiſon*, ſhall for ever flow,
Which trampled o'er the Dead, and ſwept away (the Foe.

With Songs of Triumph, and the Maker's (praiſe,
With Sounding Numbers, and united Lays,
The Seed of *Judah* to the Battle flew,
And Orders of Deſtroying Angels drew

To their Victorious ſide: Who marching round
Their Foes, touch'd Myriads at the ſignal Sound,
By Harmony they fell, and dy'd without a Wound.
So ſtrong is Verſe Divine, when we Proclaim
Thy Power, Eternal Light, and Sing thy Name!

Nor does it here alone it's Magick ſhow,
But works in Hell, and binds the Fiends below.
So powerful is the Muſe! When *David* plaid,
The Frantick *Dæmon* heard him, and obey'd,
No Noiſe, no Hiſs: the dumb Apoſtate lay
Sunk in ſoft ſilence, and diſſolv'd away.

Nor was this Miracle of Verſe confin'd *Orpheus.*
To *Jews* alone: For in a Heathen mind
Some ſtrokes appear: Thus *Orpheus* was inſpir'd,
Inchanting *Syrens* at his Song retir'd.

To Rocks and Seas he the curſt Maids purſu'd,
And their ſtrong Charms, by ſtronger Charms ſubdu'd.

But *Greece* was honour'd with a Greater Name, *Homer.*
Homer is *Greece*'s Glory and her Shame.
How could Learn'd *Athens* with contempt refuſe,
Th' immortal labours of ſo vaſt a Muſe?
Thee, *Colophon*, his angry Ghoſt upbraids,
While his loud Numbers charm th' Infernal Shades,
Ungrateful Cities! Which could vainly ſtrive
For the Dead *Homer*, whom they ſcorn'd Alive.
So ſtrangely wretched is the Poet's Doom!
To Wither here, and Flouriſh in the Tomb.

Tho' *Virgil* riſing under happier Stars, *Virgil.*
Saw *Rome* ſucceed in Learning as in Wars.

When

When *Pollio*, like a aſmiling Planet, ſhone,
And *Cæſar* darted on him, like the Sun.
Nor did *Mecænas*, gain a leſs repute,
When Tuneful *Flaccus* touch'd the *Roman* Lute.

But when, *Mecænas*, will Thy Star appear
In our low Orb, and gild the *Britiſh* Sphere?
Say, art Thou come, and, to deceive our Eyes
Diſſembled under *DORSET*'s fair Diſguiſe?
If ſo; go on, Great *Sackville*, to regard
The Poet, and th' imploring Muſe reward.
So to Thy Fame a *Pyramid* ſhall riſe,
Nor ſhall the Poet fix thee in the Skies.
For if a Verſe Eternity can claim,
Thy Own are able to preſerve thy Name.
This Province all is Thine, o'er which in vain
Octavius hover'd long, and ſought to Reign.
This Sun prevail'd upon his Eagle's ſight,

Glar'd in their Royal Eyes, and ſtop'd their flight.
Let him his Title to ſuch Glory bring,
You give as freely, and more nobly ſing.
Reaſon will judge, when both their Claims pro-
(duce,
He ſhall his Empire boaſt, and Thou the Muſe,
Horace and He are in Thy Nature joyn'd,
The Patron's Bounty with the Poet's Mind.

O Light of *England*, and her higheſt Grace!
Thou beſt and greateſt of thy Ancient Race!
Deſcend, when I invoke thy Name, to ſhine
(For 'tis thy Praiſe) on each unworthy Line.
While to the World, unprejudic'd, I tell
The nobleſt Poets, and who moſt excel.
Thee with the Foremoſt thro' the Globe I ſend,
Far as the Britiſh Arms or Memory extend.

But

But 'twould be vain, and tedious to reherſe
The meaner Croud, undignify'd for Verſe,
On barren ground who drag th' unwilling Plough,
And feel the Sweat of Brain as well as Brow,
A Crew ſo vile, which, ſoon as read, diſpleaſe,
May Slumber in forgetfulneſs and eaſe;
Till freſher Dulneſs wakes their ſleeping Memories.

Some ſtuff'd in Garrets dream for wicked Rhyme,
Where nothing but their Lodging is ſublime.
Obſerve their twenty faces, how they ſtrain
To void forth Nonſenſe from their coſtive Brain.
Who (when they've murder'd ſo much coſtly time,
Beat the vext Anvil with continual chime,
And labour'd hard to hammer ſtatutable Rhyme)

Create

Create a *BRITISH PRINCE*; as hard a task,
As would a *Cowley* or a *Milton* ask,
To build a Poem of the vaſteſt price,
A *DAVIDEIS*, or *LOST PARADISE*.
So tho' a Beauty of *Imperial Mien*
May labour with a Heroe, or a Queen,
The Dowdie's Offſpring, of the freckled ſtrain,
Shall cauſe like Travail, and as great a Pain.

Such to the Rabble may appear inſpir'd,
By Coxcombs envy'd, and by Fools admir'd,
I pity Madmen who attempt to fly,
And raiſe their *Airy Babel* to the Sky.
Who, arm'd with Gabble, to create a Name,
Deſign a Beauty, and a Monſter frame.
Not ſo the Seat of *Phœbus* roſe, which lay
In Ruins buried, and a long Decay.
To *Britany* the Temple was convey'd,

By

By Natures utmost force, and more than Human
(Aid.
Built from the *Basis* by a noble Few,
The stately Fabrick in perfection view.
While Nature gazes on the polish'd piece,
The Work of amny rowling Centuries.

For joyn'd with Art She labour'd long to raise
An *English* Poet, meriting the Bays.
How vain a Toil! Since Authors first were
(known
For *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues, but scorn'd their
(Own.
As *Moors* of old, near *Guinea's* precious Shore,
For glittering Brass exchang'd their shining Oar.
Involving Darkness did our Language shrowd,
Nor could we view the Goddess thro' the
(Cloud.

Sunk

Sunk in a Sea of Ignorance we lay,
Till *Chaucer* roſe, and pointed out the Day. *Chaucer.*
A joking Bard, whoſe antiquated Muſe
In mouldy words could Solid ſenſe produce.
Our *Engliſh Ennius* He, who claim'd his part
In wealthy Nature, tho' unskil'd in Art.
The ſparkling Diamond on his Dunghil ſhines,
And golden fragments glitter in his Lines.
Which * *Spencer* gather'd, for his Learning known, * *Spencer.*
And by ſucceſsful gleanings made his Own.
So careful Bees, on a fair Summer's Day,
Hum o'er the Flowers, and ſuck the ſweets away.
O had thy Poet, *Britany*, rely'd
On native Strength, and Foreign Aid deny'd!
Had not wild Fairies blaſted his Deſign,
Mæonides and *Virgil* had been Thine!
Their Finiſh'd Poems He exactly view'd,
But *Chaucer's* ſteps *religiouſly* purſu'd.

He cull'd, and pick'd, and thought it greater praise
T' adore his Master, than improve his Phrase.
'Twas counted Sin to deviate from his Page;
So sacred was th' Authority of Age!
The Coyn must sure for *currant Sterling* pass,
Stamp'd with old *Chaucer's Venerable Face.*
But *Johnson* found it of a gross *Alloy,* *Ben. Johnson.*
Melted it down, and flung the Dross away
He dug pure Silver from a *Roman Mine,*
And prest his Sacred Image on the Coyn.
We all rejoyc'd to see the pillag'd Oar,
Our Tongue inrich'd, which was so poor before.
Fear not, Learn'd Poet, our impartial blame,
Such Thefts as these add Lustre to thy Name.
Whether thy labour'd Comedies betray
The Sweat of *Terence,* in thy Glorious way,
Or *Catline* plots better in thy Play.

Whether

Whether his Crimes more excellently ſhine,
Whether we hear the Conſul's Voice Divine,
And doubt which merits moſt, *Rome's Cicero*, or
(Thine.

All yield, conſenting to ſuſtain the Yoke,
And learn the Language which the Victor ſpoke.
So *Macedon's Imperial Hero* threw
His wings abroad, and conquer'd as he flew:
Great *Johnſon's* Deeds ſtand Parallel with His,
Were *Noble Thefts, Succeſsful Pyracies.*

Souls of a Heroe's, or a Poet's Frame
Are fill'd with larger particles of flame.
Scorning confinement, for more Lands they
(groan,
And ſtretch beyond the Limits of their Own.

Fletcher,

Fletcher, whoſe Wit, like ſome luxuriant Vine,
Profuſely wanton'd in each golden Line. *Fletcher, and Beaumont.*
Who, prodigal of Senſe, by *Beaumont's* care,
Was prun'd ſo wiſely, and became ſo fair.
Could from his copious Brain new Humours bring,
A *bragging Beſſus*, or *inconſtant King*.
Could Laughter thence, here melting pity raiſe
In his *Amyntors*, and *Aſpaſia's*.
But *Rome* and *Athens* muſt the Plots produce
With *France*, the Handmaid of the *Engliſh* Muſe.

Ev'n *Shakeſpear* ſweated in his narrow Iſle, *Shakeſpear.*
And Subject *Italy* obey'd his Stile.
Boccace and *Cinthio* muſt a tribute pay,
T'inrich his Scenes, and furniſh out a Play.
Tho' Art ne're taught him how to write by Rules,

Or

Or borrow Learning from *Athenian* Schools:
Yet He, with *Plautus*, could inſtruct and pleaſe,
And what requir'd long toil, perform with eaſe.
By inborn ſtrength ſo *Theſeus* bent the Pine,
Which coſt *the Robber* many Years Deſign. See *Plutarch's* Life of *Theſeus*.

Tho' ſometimes rude, unpoliſh'd and undreſt
His Sentence flows, more careleſs than the reſt.
Yet, when his Muſe, complying with his will,
Deigns with informing heat his Breaſt to fill,
Then hear him thunder in the Pompous ſtrain
Of *Æſchylus*, or ſooth in *Ovid's* vein.
I feel a Pity working in my Eyes,
When *Deſdemona* by *Othello* dyes.
When I view *Brutus* in his Dreſs appear,
I know not how to call him too ſevere.
His *rigid Vertue* there attones for all,
And makes a Sacrifice of *Cæſar's* Fall.

Nature work'd Wonders then; when *Shakespear* dy'd
Her *Cowley* rose, dress't in her gaudy Pride.
So from great Ruins a new Life she calls,
And Builds an **Ovid* when a *Tully* Falls.

* *Ovid* was born the same year, in which *Cicero* dy'd.

With what Delight he tunes his Silver-Strings,
And *David's* Toils in *David's* numbers Sings?
Hark! how he Murmurs to the Fields and Groves,
His rural Pleasures, and his various Loves.
Yet every Line so Innocent and Clear,
Hermits may read them to a Virgin's Ear.
Unstoln *Promethean* Fire informs his Song,
Rich is his Fancy, his Invention strong.
His Wit, unfathom'd, has a fresh Supply,
Is always flowing-out, but never Dry.

Sure the profuſeneſs of a boundleſs Thought,
Unjuſtly is imputed for a Fault.
A Spirit, that is unconfin'd and free,
Should hurry forward, like the Wind or Sea.
Which laughs at Laws and Shackles, when a Vain
Preſuming *Xerxes* ſhall pretend to Reign,
And on the flitting Air impoſe his pond'rous
Chain.

Hail *Engliſh* Swan? for You alone could dare
With well-pois'd Pinions tempt th' unbounded
Air:
And to your Lute *Pindaric* Numbers call,
Nor fear the Danger of a *threatned Fall.*
O had You liv'd to *Waller's* Reverend Age,
Better'd your Meaſures, and reform'd your Page!

Then

Then *Britain's* Isle might raise her Trophies high,
And *Solid Rome*, or *Parian* Stone envy.
The *Rhine*, the *Tyber*, and *Parisian Sein*,
When e're they pay their Tribute to the Main,
Should no sweet Song more willingly rehearse,
Than gentle *Cowley's* never dying Verse.
The *Thames* should sweep his briny way before,
And with his Name salute each distant Shore.

Then You, like Glorious *Milton*, had both known *Milton.*
To Lands which Conquest has insur'd our Own.
Milton! whose Muse Kisses th' embroider'd Skies,
While Earth below grows little, as She Flies.
Thro' trackless Air she bends her winding Flight,
Far as the Confines of retreating Light.
Tells the *fudg'd Moor*, how sceptr'd Death began
His Lengthning Empire o'er offending Man.

Unteaches conquer'd Nations to Rebel,
By Singing how their Stubborn Parents fell.

Now *Seraphs* crown'd with *Helmets* I behold,
Helmets of Substance more refin'd than Gold:
The Skies with an united Lustre shine,
And Face to Face th' Immortal Armies joyn.
God's *plated Son*, *Majestically gay*,
Urges his Chariot thro' the Chrystal-Way
Breaks down their Ranks, and Thunders, as he
(Flies,
Arms in his Hands, and Terrour in his Eyes.
O'er Heav'ns wide Arch the routed Squadrons
(Rore,
And transfix'd Angels groan upon the *Diamond-*
(*Floor*.
Then, wheeling from *Olympus* Snowy top,
Thro' the scorch'd Air the giddy Leaders drop
Down

Down to th' Abyss of their allotted Hell,
And gaze on the lost Skies from whence they
(Fell.

I see the Fiend, who tumbled from his Sphere
Once by the *Victor God*, begins to fear
New Lightning, and a Second Thunderer.
I hear him Yell, and argue with the Skies,
Was't not enough, Relentless Power! he cries,
Despair of better state, and loss of Light
Irreparable? Was not loathsom Night
And ever-during Dark sufficient Pain,
But Man must Triumph, by our Fall to Reign,
And Register the Fate which we Sustain?
Hence Hell is doubly Ours: Almighty Name
Hence, after Thine, we feel the Poet's *Flame*
And in Immortal Song renew Reviving shame.

O Soul *Seraphick*, teach us how we may
Thy Praiſe adapted to thy Worth diſplay,
For who can Merit more? or who enough can Pay?
Earth was unworthy Your aſpiring View,
Sublimer Objects were reſerv'd for You.
Thence Nothing mean obtrudes on Your Deſign,
Your Style is equal to Your Theme Divine,
All Heavenly great, and more than Maſculine.
Tho' neither Vernal Bloom, nor Summer's Roſe
Their op'ning Beauties could to Thee diſcloſe.
Tho' Nature's curious Characters, which we
Exactly view, were all eras'd to Thee.
Yet Heav'n ſtood Witneſs to Thy piercing ſight,
Below was Darkneſs, but Above was Light;
Thy Soul was Brightneſs all; nor would it ſtay
In nether Night, and ſuch a want of Day.

But wing'd aloft from sordid Earth retires
To upper Glory, and its kindred-Fires:
Like an unhooded *Hawk*, who, loose to Prey,
With open Eyes pursues th' Ethereal Way.
There, Happy Soul, assume thy destin'd Place,
And in yon Sphere begin thy glorious Race:
Or, if amongst the Laurel'd Heads there be
A Mansion in the Skies reserv'd for Thee,
There Ruler of thy Orb aloft appear,
And rowl with *Homer* in the brightest Sphere,
To whom *Calliope* has joyn'd thy Name,
And recompens'd thy Fortunes with his Fame.

Tho' She (forgive our freedom) sometimes [Flows
In Lines too Rugged, and akin to Prose.
Verse with a lively smoothness should be Wrote,
When room is granted to the Speech and Thought.

Like ſome fair Planet, the Majeſtick Song
Should gently move, and ſparkle as it rowls along.
Like *Waller*'s Muſe, who tho inchain'd by Rhime,
Taught wondring Poets to keep even Chime.
His Praiſe inflames my breaſt, and ſhould be ſhown
In Numbers ſweet and *Courtly* as his Own.
Who no unmanly *Turns* of Thought purſues,
Raſh Errours of an injudicious Muſe.
Such Wit, like Lightning, for a while looks Gay,
Juſt gilds the Place, and vaniſhes away.
In one continu'd blaze He upwards ſprung,
Like thoſe *Seraphick* flames of which He Sung.
If, *Cromwel*, he laments thy Mighty Fall
Nature attending Weeps at the *Great Funeral*.

Or if his Muſe with joyful Triumph brings
the Monarch to His Ancient Throne, or Sings
Batavians worſted on the Conquer'd Main,
Fleets flying, and advent'rous *Opdam* Slain,
Then *Rome* and *Athens* to his Song repair
With *Britiſh* Graces ſmiling on his Care,
Divinely charming in a Dreſs ſo Fair.
As Squadrons in well-Marſhal'd order fill
The *Flandrian Plains*, and ſpeak no vulgar Skill;
So Rank'd is every Line, each Sentence ſuch,
No Word is wanting, and no Word's too much.
As Pearls in Gold with their own Luſtre Shine,
The Subſtance precious, and the Work Divine:
So did his Words his Beauteous Thoughts in-
chaſe,
Both ſhone and ſparkled with unborrow'd Grace,
A mighty Value in a little Space.

So the *Venetian Clio* sung of Old,
When lofty Acts in well-chose Phrase he told.
But *Rome's* aspiring *Lyrick* pleas'd us less,
Sung not so moving, tho' with more Success.
O *Sacharissa*, what could steel thy Breast,
To Rob *Harmonious Waller* of his Rest?
To send him Murm'ring thro' the *Cypress*-Grove,
In strains lamenting his neglected Love.
Th' attentive Forest did his Grief partake,
And Sympathizing Oaks their knotted Branches shake.
Each Nymph, tho' Coy, to Pity would incline;
And every stubborn Heart was mov'd, but Thine.
Henceforth be Thou to future Ages known;
Like *Niobe*, a Monument of Stone.

Here could I dwell, like Bees on Flowry Dew,
And *Waller's* praise Eternally pursue,

Could

Could I, like Him, in Harmony excel
So sweetly strike the Lute, and Sing so Well.

But now the fearful Muse contented Eye
To see where *Denham*, and *Roscommon* fly,
Cautiously daring, and correctly High,
Both chief in Honour, and in Learning since,
Of Ancient Spirit, and of Ancient Rage,
Who, when withdrawn from Business, and Affairs,
Their Minds unloaded of tormenting Cares,
With soothing Verse deceiv'd the sliding Time,
And unrewarded, Sung in Noble Rhyme.
Not like those Venal Bards, who Write for Pelf,
Above the Vulgar were their Names and Sense.
The Critick judges what the Muse indites,
And Rules for Dryden, like a Dryden, Writes.
'Tis true their Lamps were of the smallest Size,
But like the Stricts, of prodigious Price.

Roscommon's

Roscommon's Rules shall o'er our Isle be Read,
Nor Dye, till Poetry itself be Dead.
Fam'd *Cooper's Hill* shall, like *Parnassus*, stand,
And *Denham* reign, the *Phœbus* of the Land.

Among these sacred and immortal Names, *Oldham.*
A Youth glares out, and his just Honour claims;
See circling Flames, in stead of Laurel, play
Around his Head, and Sun the brighten'd Way.
But misty Clouds of unexpected Night,
Cast their black Mantle o'er th' immoderate Light.
Here, pious Muse, lament a While; 'tis just
We pay some Tribute to his sacred Dust.
O'er his fresh Marble strow the fading Rose
And Lilly, for his Youth resembled those.
The brooding Sun took care to dress him Gay,
In all the Trappings of the flowry *May.*

He

He set him out unsufferably bright,
And sow'd in every part his beamy Light.
Th' unfinish'd Poet budded forth too soon,
For what the Morning warm'd, was scorch'd at
(Noon.

His careless Lines plain Nature's Rules obey,
Like *Satyrs* Rough, but not Deform'd as they.
His Sense undrest, like *Adam*, free from Blame,
Without his Cloathing, and without his Shame.
True Wit requires no Ornaments of skill,
A Beauty naked, is a Beauty still.

Warm'd with just Rage he lash'd the *Romish* Crimes,
In rugged *Satyr* and ill-sounding Rhymes.
All *Italy* felt his imbitter'd Tongue,
And trembled less when sharp *Lucilius* Stung.

Here

Here let us pass in Silence, nor accuse
Th' extravagance of his Unhallow'd Muse.
In *Jordan*'s stream she wash'd the tainted Sore,
And rose more Beauteous than She was before.

Then Fancy curb'd began to Cool her Rage,
And Sparks of Judgment glimmer'd in his Page,
When the wild Fury did his Breast inspire,
She rav'd, and set the Little World on Fire.
Thus *Lee* by Reason strove not to controul *Lee.*
That powerful heat which o'er-inform'd his Soul.
He took his swing, and Nature's bounds surpast,
Stretch'd her, and bent her, till she broke at last.
I scorn to Flatter, or the Dead defame;
But who will call a Blaze a Lambent Flame?

Terrour and Pity are allow'd to be,
The moving parts of Tragic Poetry.

If Pity sooths us, *Otway* claims our Praise; *Otway.*
If Terrour strikes, then *Lee* deserves the Bays.
We grant a Genius shines in *Jaffeir's* Part,
And *Roman Brutus* speaks a Master's Art.
But still we often Mourn to see their Phrase
An Earthly Vapour, or a Mounting Blaze.
A rising Meteor never was design'd,
T'amaze the sober part of Human kind.
Were I to write for Fame, I would not chuse
A Prostitute and Mercenary Muse.
Which for poor Gains must in rich Trappings go,
Emptily Gay, magnificently Low,
Like Ancient *Rome's* Religion, Sacrifice and
(Show.
Things fashion'd for amusement and surprize,
Ne'er move the Head, tho' they divert the Eyes.
The Mouthing Actors well-dissembled Rage,
May please the Young *Sir Foplings* on the Stage.

But,

But, disingag'd, the swelling Phrase I find
Like *Spencer's* Giant sunk away in Wind.
It grates judicious Readers when they meet
Nothing but jingling Verse, and even Feet.
Such false, such counterfeited Wings as these,
Forsake th' unguided Boy, and plunge him in the
(Seas.
Lee aim'd to rise above great *Dryden's* Height,
But lofty *Dryden* keeps a steddy Flight. *Dryden.*
Like *Dædalus*, he times with prudent Care
His well-wax'd Wings, and Waves in Middle Air.
The Native Spark, which first advanc'd his
(Name,
By Industry he kindled to a Flame.
The proper Phrase of our exalted Tongue
To such Perfection from his Numbers sprung.
His Tropes continu'd, and his Figures fine,
All of a Piece throughout, and all Divine.

His

His *Images* so strong and lively be,
I hear not Words alone, but Substance see;
Adapted Speech, and just Expressions move
Our various Passions, Pity, Rage and Love:
I weep to hear fond *Adam* complain
In *Shakespear's* Fancy, but in *Virgil's* Strain.

Thus for the Comick, others we prefer,
Himself the Judge; nor does his Judgment Err.

* See Preface to *Aurengzebe*.

But Comedy, 'tis thought, can never claim
The sounding Title of a Poem's Name:
For Raillery, and what creates a Smile,
Betrays no lofty Genius, nor a Style
That *Hearts* and *Heav'n* refuses to be fixed
In a Town-Character and Comick Mixt.

If we to him right, we must produce
The *Sybvalean Bard*; when his Muse
With her loud Accents fills the list'ning Ear,
And *Peals* applauding shake the Theater.

They fondly seek, Great Name, to blast thy Praise,
Who think that Foreign; Thine's produc'd thy Bays.

Is he oblig'd to *France*, who draws from thence
By *English* Energy, their Captive Sense?
Tho' *Edward* and fam'd *Henry* Wars in vain,
Subduing what they could not long retain:
Yet now beyond our Arms the Muse prevails,
And Poets Conquer where the Heros fails.

This

This does superiour excellence betray;
O could I Write in thy Immortal Way!
If Art be Nature's Scholar, and can make
Such vast improvements, Nature must forsake
Her Ancient Style; and in some grand Design
She must her Own Originals decline,
And for the Noblest Copies follow Thine.
Pardon this just transition to thy Praise,
Which Young *Thalia* sung in Rural Lays.

As Sleep to weary Drovers on the Plain
As a sweet River to a thirsty Swain,
Such *Tityrus*'s charming Number show,
Please like the River, like the River flow.
When his first Years in mighty Order ran,
And cradled Infancy bespoke the Man,

Around his Lips the *Waxen Artists* hung,
And drop'd ambrosial Dew upon his Tongue.
Then from his Mouth harmonious Numbers
(broke,
More sweet than Honey from a hollow Oke.
Pleasant as streams, which from a Mountain
(Glide,
Yet lofty as the Top from whence they slide.

Long He possest th' Hereditary Plains,
Admir'd by all the Herdsmen and the Swains.
Till he resign'd his Flock, oppress with cares,
Weaken'd by num'rous Woes, and grey with
(Years.
Yet still, like *Ætna's Mount*, he kept his Fire,
And look'd like beauteous Roses on a Brier.
He smil'd, like *Phœbus* in a Stormy Morn,
And sung, like *Philomel* against a Thorn.

Here,

Here *Syren of sweet Poesy*, receive
That little praise my unknown Muse can give.
Thou shalt immortal be, no Censure fear
Tho' angry *B—mare* in Heroicks jeer.
A Bard, who seems to challenge *Virgil*'s Flame,
And would be next in Majesty and Name,
With lofty *Maro* he at first may please;
The Righteous *Briton* rises by degrees.
But once on Wing, thro' secret Paths he rows,
And leaves his Guide, or follows him too close,
The *Mantuan* Swan keeps a soft gentle Flight,
Is always Tow'ring, but still Plays in Sight.
Calm and Serene his Verse; his active Song
Runs smooth as *Thames*'s River, and as strong.
Like his own *Neptune* he the Waves confines,
While *Bl—re* rumbles, like the King of Winds.

His flat Deſcriptions, void of Manly Strength,
Jade out our Patience with exceſſive length.
While Readers, Yawning o'er his *Arbours*, ſee
Whole Pages ſpun on one poor *Simile*.
We grant he labours with no want of Brains,
Or Fire, or Spirit; but He ſpares the Pains,
One happy Thought, or two, may at a Heat,
Be ſtruck, but Time and Study muſt compleat
A Verſe, ſublimely Good, and juſtly Great.
It call'd for an Omnipotence to raiſe
The *World's Imperial Poem* in Six Days.
But Man, that offspring of corrupting Clay,
Subject to Err, and Subject to Decay;
In Hopes, Deſires, Will, Power, a numerous Train,
Uncertain, Fickle, Impotent and Vain:
Muſt tire the Heav'nly Muſe with endleſs Prayer,
And call the ſmiling Angels to his care.

Muſt ſleep leſs Nights, *Vulcanian* Labours prove,
Like *Cyclops*, forging Thunder for a *Jove*.
With Flame begin thy Glorious Thoughts and (Style,
Then Cool, and bring them to the ſmoothing (File.
If You deſign to make Your Prince appear
As perfect as Humanity can bear,
Whom Vertues at th' expence of Danger pleaſe,
Deaf to the Syrens of alluring eaſe.
No Terrours Thee *Achilles* could invade,
Nor Thee *Ulyſſes*, any Charms perſuade.
This muſt be done, if Poets would be Read,
Who ſeek to emulate the Sacred Dead.
Thus in bright Numbers, and well poliſh'd (Strains
Virgilian Addiſon deſcribes *Campaigns*.

Whose Verse, like a proportion'd Man, we find,
Not of the *Gyant*, nor the *Pigmy* kind.
Such Symmetry appears o'er all the Song,
Lofty with justness, and with Caution strong.

This *Congreve* follows in his Deathless Line,
And the *Tenth Hand* is put to the Design.
The Happy boldness of his Finish'd Toil
Claims more than *Shakespear*'s Wit, or *Johnson*'s Oil.
Sing on, *Harmonious Swan*, in weeping strains,
And tell *Pastora*'s Death to mournful Swains.
Or with more pleasing Charms, with softer Airs
Sweeten our Passions, and delude our Cares.
Or let thy *Satyr* grin with half a Smile,
And jeer in *Easy Etherege*'s Style.

Let *Manly Wycherly* chalk out the Way,
And Art direct, where Nature goes astray.

'Tis not for Thee to Write of Conqu'ring Kings,
The Noise of Arms will break thy Am'rous Strings.
The *Fetial Muse* invites Thee from above
To lay Thy Trumpet down, and sing of Love.
Let *MONTAGUE* describe *Boyn*'s swelling Flood
And purple Streams slain with Hostile Blood.
O Heavenly Patron of the needy Muse!
Whose powerful Name can nobler heat infuse,
When You *Nassau*'s bright Actions sing, 'tis He,
You was the *Eagle*, and *Apollo He*.
But when He read You, and Your Numbers knew,
He was the *Eagle*, and *Apollo You*.
Both spoke the Bird in her *Aethereal* height,
The *Majesty* was *His*, and *Thine* the *Flight*.
Both did *Apollo* in His Glory shew,
The Silver *Harp* was *Thine*, and *His* the *Bow*.

So

So may *Valerius* cease to fear,
When *Honour* deigns to sing, and *Majesty* to hear!
So may the favour'd Isle, and always please
Our Dorsets, and Judicious *Normandy's*!
Nor does the *Cowley* alone defend
The Muses Cause in *Eliz.* *Miter* is Her Friend:
Can we forget how *Dawes's* lofty Tongue
Shook the glad Mountains? how the Valleys rung,
When *Rochester's Seraphick Shepherd* Sung?
How *Mars* and *Pallas* crept to see the Day
When *Athens* by a Plague dispeopled lay?
What Learning perish'd, and what Lives it cost!
Sung with more Spirit than all *Athens* lost.
Nor can the *Miter* now conceal the Bays,
For still we view the *Sacred Poet's* praise.

So the *Latinus* becomes a Star
Exalted to the Skies, and shines afar,
Below he loses nothing but his Name,
Still faithful to his Banks, his Stream's the same.

But smile, my Muse, once more upon my Song,
Let *Creech* be numbred with the Sacred Throng.
Whose daring Muse could with *Manilius* fly,
And, like an *Atlas*, shoulder up the Sky.
He's mounted, where no vulgar Eye can trace
His Wondrous footsteps and mysterious race.
See, how He walks above in mighty Frames,
And wanders o'er the wide Ethereal Plains!
He sings what Harmony the Spheres obey,
In Verse more tuneful, and more sweet than they.

'Tis ease to Triumph, when *Rome*'s Genius shines
In nervous *English*, and well-worded Lines.

Two

Two Famous * *Latins* our bright Tongue adorn;

* *Lucretius* and *Manilius*

And a new † *Virgil* is in *England* born.

† Mr. *Dryden's Virgil.*

An *Æneid* to translate, and make a new,

Are Tasks of equal Labour to pursue.

For tho' th' Invention of a Godlike Mind

Excels the Works of Nature, and Mankind;

Yet a well-languag'd Version will require

An equal *Genius*, and as strong a Fire.

These claim at once our Study and our Praise,

Fam'd for the Dignity of Sense and Phrase.

These gainful to the Stationer, shall stand

At *Paul's* or *Cornhill*, *Fleetstreet* or the *Strand*.

Shall wander far and near, and cross the Seas,

An Ornament to *Foreign Libraries*.

Hail Glorious Titles! who have been my *Theme!*

O could I write so well as I esteem!

From

From her low Nest my humble Soul should rise
As a young *Phœnix* out of Ashes flies.
Above what *France* or *Italy* can shew,
The Celebrated *Tasso*, or *Boileau*.

Come You, where'er you be, who seek to find
Something to pleasure, and instruct your Mind:
If, when retir'd from Business, or from Men,
You love the *Labour'd Travels* of the Pen;
Imploy the Minutes of your vacant Time
On *Cowley*, or on *Dryden*'s useful Rhyme:
Or whom besides of all the Tribe you chuse,
The *Tragick*, *Lyrick*, or *Heroick* Muse:
For they, if well observ'd, will strictly shew
In *Charming Numbers*, what is false, what true,
And teach more good than *Hobbs* or *Locke* can do.

Hail, ye *Poetick Dead*, who wander now
In Fields of Light! at your fair Shrines we bow.

Free'd

Freed from the Malice of Injurious Fate,
Ye bleſt Partakers of a happier State!
Whether Intomb'd with *Engliſh Kings* you ſleep,
Or Common Urns your Sacred Aſhes keep:
There, on each Dawning of the tender Day,
May Tuneful Birds their pious Off'rings pay!
There may ſweet Myrrh with Balmy Tears perfume
The hallow'd Ground, and Roſes deck the Tomb.
While You, who live, no frowning Tempeſt fear,
Sing on; let *Montague* and *Dorſet* hear
In Stately Verſe let *William*'s Praiſe be told,
WILLIAM rewards with Honour and with Gold.
No more of *Richelieu*'s Worth: Forget not, Fame,
To change *Auguſtus* for Great *William*'s Name.
Who, tho' like *Homer*'s *Jupiter*, he ſate,
Muſing on ſomething eminently great,
And ballanc'd in his Mind the World's important
Fate;

a Lays

Lays by the vast Concern, and gladly hears
The loud-sung Triumphs of his Warlike Years:
Whether this Praise to *Steyn*'s Muse he owns,
Or *Prior* claim it for *Pindarick* Sons.
The sleeping Dooms of Empire were delay'd,
And Fate stood silent while the Poet play'd.
The double Vertue of *Nassovian* Fire
At once the Soldier and the Bard inspire.
The Hero listen'd when the Canons rung
A Fatal Peal, or when the Harp was strung,
When *Mars* has Acted, or when *Phœbus* Sung.

O cou'd my Muse reach *Milton*'s stow'ring Flight,
Or stretch her Wings to the *Maonian* Height!
Thro' Air, and Earth, and Seas, I wou'd disperse
His Fame, and sing it in the loudest Verse.
The rowling Waves to hear me shou'd grow tame,
And Winds should calm a Tempest with his Name.

Bu

But we muſt all decline! The Muſe grows dumb,
Not wearyd with his Praiſe, but overcome.
Who ſhall deſcribe Him? or what Eye can trace
The Matchleſs Glories of his Princely Race?
What Prince can equal what no Muſe can praiſe?
No Land but *Britain*, muſt pretend to his
With Gods and Heroes of an equal Line.
So may this Iſland a new *Delos* prove,
Joyn * Young *Apollo* to the *Cretan Jove*.

* *The Duke of Glouceſter. Here the Author laments he prov'd ſo bad a Prophet.*

What Bloom, what Youth! what Hopes of future Fame!
How his Eyes ſparkle with a Heav'nly Flame!
How ſwiftly *Glofter* in his Bud began!
How the *Green Hero* bloſſoms into Man!
Smit with the Thirſt of Fame, and Honour's Charms,
To tread his Uncle's Steps, and ſhine in Arms:
See, how he Spurs, and Rufhes to the War!
Pale Legions view, and tremble from afar.

What

What Blood! what Ruin! Thrice unhappy They
Who ſhall attempt him on that fatal Day!
Edwards and *Harry's* to his Eyes appear
In Warlike form, and ſhake the glitt'ring Spear.
At *Agincourt* ſo terrible they ſtood,
So when *Pictavian* Fields were dy'd with Blood.
The Royal Youth with Emulation glows,
And pours thick Vengeance on his ghaſtly Foes.
Troops of Commiſſion'd Angels from the Sky,
Unſeen, above Him, and about Him, Fly.
O'er *England's* Hopes their flaming Swords they hold,
And wave them, as o'er Paradiſe of Old.
Nor ſhall they ceaſe a Nightly Watch to keep,
But, ever waking, bleſs him in his Sleep.
Their Golden Wings for his Pavilion ſpread,
Their ſofteſt Mantles for his Downy Bed,
Defend the Sacred Youth's Imperial Head.

After whose Conquests, and the Work of Fate,
The Arts and Muses on his Triumph wait.
The Streams of *Thamis*, exulting, Ring,
When fair *Augusta's* lofty *Clio's* Sing
Granta and *Rhedycina's* Tuneful Throng
Fill the resounding Vales with Learned Song.

Live, Heav'nly Youth, beyond invidious Time,
Adorning Annals, and immortal Rhyme.
Thy Glories, which no Malice can obscure,
Bright as the Sun, shall as the Sun endure.
But on thy Fame no envious spots shall prey,
Till *English* Sense and Valour shall decay,
Till Learning and the Muses Mortal grow,
Or *Cam* or *Isis* shall forget to Flow.

A

POEM.

Occasion'd by the late Victories obtain'd over the French *and* Bavarians *by the Forces of the Allies, under the Command of his Grace the Duke of* MARLBOROUGH.

---- Victoria nulla
Clarior, aut Hominum votis optatior unquam
Contigit. ------- Claudian.

SCarce had we time allow'd our Thanks to yield,
For bloody *Schellenberg*'s Victorious Field,
When Heav'n, resolving *ANNA*'s Arms to bless,
Our Joys continu'd with a new Success.
Conquests on Conquests crowded in so fast;
The First were Brave, but Godlike were the Last.

The former Glories, which Fame lately ſung,
When *Donawert* thro' *German* Vallies rung,
In dying Sounds now languiſh'd on her Tongue.

What Muſe, delighted in Wars loud Alarms,
Will pay an *Iliad* to the *Britiſh* Arms?
Who will erect a Temple? Who will raiſe
An Altar, ſacred to the General's Praiſe?
Honours, like Theſe, were by Old *Romans* paid,
To the vain Shadows of the uſeleſs Dead.
Cæſarean Souls, from Fun'ral Piles, above
Thus ſoar'd, on Eagles, to their Fabled *Jove.*
The *Roman* Bird may now more juſtly fly,
Bear back the well-us'd Thunder to the Sky,
And, whilſt Alive, the Hero Deify.

Should ſome kind Muſe, with a *Pierian* rage,
Inflame my Breaſt, and conſecrate my Page,
Or would propitious *Churchill* deign to ſhine
On my low Thought, and brighten every Line:

Not

Not *Egypt*'s Pyramid ſhould mine ſurpaſs,
Like Marble poliſh'd, and more ſtrong than Braſs;
The well built Monument of laſting Rhyme,
Should ſcorn the Impotence of Fire and Time.

Haſt, Goddeſs, then, for conqu'ring Garlands go
To bind th' immortal Brows of *MARLBOROUGH*.
To *Granic* Banks, or where *Hydaſpes* ſhore
On his laſt Elephant ſtout *Porus* bore,
(To grace the Honours of this Day) repair,
And ſnatch *Pellæan* Ivy ſpringing there.
Let *Rubicon* her *Julian* Palms reſign,
Nor ſpare *Naſſovian* Laurels on the *Boyne*.
For theſe *Danubius*, and her Rivers call;
Inſatiate Triumph! to demand them All.

Nor ſhould we Juſtice, due to Valour, pay,
If leſs were offer'd for that Glorious Day;
When *Albion*'s Queen, with one deciding Stroke,
The *Germans* reſcu'd from the *Gallick* Yoke.

She sent a Hero to release their Fears,
And brake th' Inchantment of twice Thirty Years,
She loos'd the Charms of the *Borbonian* Dream,
And ravel'd *Richlieu*'s Universal Scheme.
For now was *France* swoln to so vast a size,
That with heap'd Provinces she brav'd the Skies.
And, looking *Evil*, stretch'd at monstrous length
Her bulky Body of prodigious strength.
Like that huge Serpent, in wild *Libya* nurst,
Abhorr'd by Heav'n, by Earth, his Parent, curst.
Which Monarch Lions of their Thrones displac'd,
While a tame Terrour their rough Brows disgrac'd,
Which could the force of *Regulus* employ,
And, single, ask whole Legions to destroy.
Pil'd on himself, in hundred Folds he stood,
And then, projected o'er the Neighb'ring Flood,
Some from the farthest Banks the Monste rdrew,
And some, confiding to the River, flew.

The

The Sun, amaz'd, withdrew his trembling Light,
And Clouds flew back at the portentous sight.
Such was the Haughty *Gaul* His Reach so long,
His windings various, and his Venom strong.
With double strength for all events prepar'd,
No Arms he wanted, and no Arts he spar'd.
Phœbus beheld his Reign, wher'ere he rowl'd,
O'er Rocks of Diamond, and o'er Mines of Gold.
These to his Crown raviſh'd *Iberia* gave,
Destructive Trophies of the *Indian Grave!*
His Power and Wealth to forreign States pre-
(scrib'd,
With This he threaten'd, and with That he
(bribb'd.
And to disguise the Cheat, he would Exclaim
On Saints, on Angels, and th' Eternal Name.
But none were found so slavish and unjust,
To take his Presents, or his Oaths to trust.

Except *Bavaria*'s Duke: Ah! fondly blind,
Of credulous, and mercenary Mind.
Are Princes bought so cheap? Is Honour sold,
Like Merchandise, at the poor price of Gold?
Think you *French* Gifts are true? Is *Lewis* grown
Besotted lately, and no better known?

Say, does thy folly drive thee, or thy Fate,
To tempt Great *ANNA*'s wrath, and *England*'s hate?
Can Thee, nor Conscience bind, nor Kindness move?
No Ties of Duty? And no Charms of Love?
Deaf to safe Counsel, and each tender Call,
And blind to *Cologn*'s late *instructive* Fall.

Yet we must do him Justice, and confess
His Courage signal, nor his Conduct less.
Who skill'd in Stratagem, in Battle brave,
Could Fighting conquer, or Retreating save.
ULM felt his subtil Arts, and *Ratisbon* saw
Her Town submitted to *Bavarian* Law.

Then from the *Gallick* Shore a furious Blast
Urg'd on the wild Combustion, as it past.
In rowling Flames now frighted *Suabia* burns,
And *Pfullendorf* her Fate in Ashes mourns.
Then to *Franconian* Walls the gathering Blaze
Begins to travel: *Austria* with Amaze
Sees its luxuriant March: *Vienna* soon
(Which had so oft eclips'd the *Turkish* Moon)
Th' Alarum took; and fear'd the *Christian* more
Than *Solyman*, or *Mahomet* before.
So Pride and Perjury can Empires rend,
This grants no Equal, and *that* spares no Friend.

To whom for Succour shall th' Afflicted go?
Shall *Cæsar*'s Successor precarious grow?
Shall *Leopold* on his own Force rely?
'Twere vain to fight; and 'tis as base to fly.

This

This rouz'd the Reverend Genius of the *West*,
Who long in Secret, from his lab'ring Breast,
Deep Sighs and Groans, *not human*, had expreſt.
Where'er he look'd, Death and Confuſion reign'd,
Old Mother Earth of her rude Sons complain'd,
Who her kind Boſom with their Blood diſtain'd.
Rivers, diſcolour'd, to the Ocean bore
Europe's Diſgrace, in Streams of Chriſtian Gore,
A Joy to *Turks*, and each *Barbarian* Shore.
Who can our Ruin and Diſtraction tell?
Here *Poliſh*, there *Hungarian* Lords rebel.
On this ſide *Savoy* is by *France* annoy'd,
On that the Empire, *only not deſtroy'd.*

Here Grief and Pity from the Genius drew
Tears, ſuch as mourning Angels Eyes bedew.
His Hands to Heav'n up lifting, and his Head
Low bowing, thus the *hoary Guardian* pray'd.

O Thou supream Director of Affairs,
In Heav'n and Earth, attend thy Suppliant's
(Prayrs!
Creator! Thunderer! Redeemer! hear;
If e'er my Services have been sincere,
If e'er with Joy I hasten'd to fulfil
Thy just Commands, and execute thy Will,
Thou dost the jarring Elements refrain,
And bind them fast with thy Eternal Chain.
Insulting Seas their ancient Duty know,
Keep within Limits, and no farther flow.
But Man, incroaching on his Neighbour's
(Right,
Breeds dire Dissention, and perpetual Spight.
What thousands by the greedy Sword have dy'd,
A Sacrifice to Treason, or to Pride!
Discord usurps my *European* Charge,
Lives absolute below, and rules at large.

How

How long ſhall Saints beneath thy Altar pray
For ſwift Revenge? How long wilt thou delay?
Legions of Angels are at thy Command;
But thou art *Greater* in a *weaker* Hand.
Say what Diviner Mortal wilt thou chuſe
To act thy Vengeance, and thy Power to uſe?
Pity the poor Remains of Human Kind;
Thou art *all Eye*; O, ſeem no longer blind!
No more be pleas'd to wink at Man's Offence,
But thunder, and Abſolve thy Providence.

His Prayers tow'rd Heaven, like pointed Arrows, flew,
And from the Heart of God Compaſſion drew.
Beſides young *Raphael* on his Wings had born,
(Each dewy Eye, and each returning Morn,)
The warmeſt Breathings of a Soul ſerene,
And pureſt Wiſhes of an *Engliſh* QUEEN:

Th' Al-

Th' Almighty Mind ſaw, and was griev'd to ſee;
(As far as Grief can touch the Deity)
His Arm, extended, held a Lightning Storm,
Not ſuch as Clouds from claſhing Vapours form,
But ſuch as Heav'nly Wrath is us'd to throw
On human Crimes, and Perjuries below.
When his loud Horſes, through the *cleareſt* Sky,
His rattling Chariot draw, and Thunder, as they fly.
Then ſhaking Heav'n around; Yes, we will Riſe,
Said God, nor longer our juſt Wrath diſguiſe:
No more ſhall impious, unreflecting Clay
Upbraid our fix'd Reſolves, and wiſe Delay.
Through the thick Veil of Fleſh can Mortals ſpy,
The ſecret Paths of dark Futurity?
No; tho' the Lords of Earth preſume to think
Their Actions juſt, becauſe we pleaſe to Wink.
Vain Glow-Worms of Mankind? Poor, ſceptr'd
(Duſt!

Are

Are we not Gods? And can We be unjust?
The time is come, which shall our Vengeance (show,
And a weak Hand, unseen, shall give the Blow.
Bleinheim will come, *Danubius* will convince
Thy Vanity; it will, *Borbonian* Prince?
Now to the Stars thy tow'ring *Babel* rear;
But for Confusion, and a Fall, prepare.
He said, and calling an unhappy Fate,
(For two of different Natures round him wait;
This rob'd in silver Rays, all milky White;
That more deform'd and fowler to the Sight,
Than blackest Scenes of the dishonest Night.)
Begone, said God, to *France*, false Angel, go,
Where Princes wait the Monarch's Nod below;
Fly; we permit Thee to deceive and blind,
With Visionary Glory, his Ambitious Mind.

As ſoon as ſpoke, the Spirit takes its Flight,
Chaſing away the Stars propitious Light;
And with his ſooty Form improves the horrid (Night.
At the *Verſalian* Dome he ſtopp'd, and took
The Shape of *Mazarine*'s diſſembling Look.
Unſeen, at laſt the ſlumbring King he found,
In vain with wakeful Guards encompaſs'd round:
To baniſh from his Thoughts intruding Care,
And frightful Fancies, which his Conſcience tear,
With ſoothing Words, well practis'd in Deceit,
He *gilded* thus the *Venerable Cheat*.

Sleep'ſt thou vaſt Soul of the *Borbonian* Line?
Thou Labour of projecting *Mazarine*!
Do Princes, who ſuſtain a Nation's Weight,
Thus aim to *Riſe*, and ſtudy to be *Great*?

Thus

Thus dost Thou Fame persue? Whose ominous (Birth
Presag'd new Empire to th' astonish'd Earth.
Young smiling Angels blest thy Infant Bed,
And Lambent Glory shone round the World's pro- (mis'd Head.
Thy springing Fortunes Heav'n reserv'd for Me,
To polish and improve the Prodigy.
With Blood of *Hereticks* I quench'd the Flame
Which shook the steddy Fabrick of thy Fame.
By Me it stood: I taught the *Gallick* Shore
To eccho the curst *Hugonot* no more.
What *then* I did, e'er Fate had cut my Thread,
Believe my *Ghost* contriving with the *Dead*.
For thee I left Those happy Plains above,
To testify my Duty and my Love,
And on thy Triumphs wait — Believe the Call
Of Heav'n and *Mazarine*; 'tis destin'd All

What

What I gelate; and God with sure Success,
Thy Fleet will Favour, and thy Armies Bless.
Prepare thy Navy, ev'ry Sail advance,
For so must stubborn *Albion* bow to *France*.
Angels attend thy Flags; behold, the Sea
No longer doubts who shall her Sovreign be.
Behold thy Squadron hasting for the Shore
O'er shatter'd Planks, thro' Waves of *British* Gore.
Nor let thy *Marshals* linger on the *Rhine*,
On the *Danubian* Banks prepare to join
With Succour, thy *Bavarian* Friend, and Mine.
What? Dost thou fear? Who can thy Troops oppose?
Can *tardy Germans* or *dull Holland* Foes?
Can *giddy England* with a conqu'ring Field,
In Councils heady, and in Arms unskill'd?
In vain for new *Plantagenets* they look,
Of *Edwards*, *Harrys*, and of God forsook.

Think'ſt thou that Heav'n delights his high Com-
mand,
And Reins of Empire for a Woman's Hand?
A *feeble Queen*? Away, ungenerous Thought!
Art Thou *My Lewis*, and no better taught?
Still doſt thou ſnore ſupine? Up, *Glory* cries;
If e'er the Charms of Empire mov'd thee, Riſe!
Now, now, aſcend thy Univerſal Throne!
For Heav'n has ſaid it, and *the World's thy Own*.

At this the Monarch ſtarted from his Bed:
Sleep left his Eyes, and the Deluſion fled.
Stay, Heav'nly Viſion!---Thrice in vain he ſpoke,
For into Air the lying *Fantome* broke.
Yet ſtill amus'd, and to Belief inclin'd
Of Glories, promis'd to his graſping Mind,
He ſmil'd: Imagin'd Scenes of Triumph ſpread
Youth thro' his Limbs; and the beguiling Shade,

like

Like *Homer's Pallas*, had inlarg'd his Size;
Reviving *Nature*, with renew'd Supplies,
Sprung thro' his wither'd Veins, and sparkled
(in his Eyes.
Now *Italy*, now *Holland* he devours,
Now the *Britannick*, and the *German* Powers.
In one Campaign he now pretends to sweep
What *Baden* in hard Fields was us'd to reap,
And *Eugene's Latian* Harvests pile on his tri-
(umphant Heap.
A Council call'd, what in his Dream he heard
The King relates; How *Mazarine* appear'd
Some, not too credulous, advise to use
His Ancient Fraud, and with known Arts amuse.
Others devoted to the Vision's Call,
Think it no Dream, but Revelation all.
Villars, *Monsn*, *Villeroy*, and *Tallard* move
For Battle: This the Monarch does approve.

Little he thought our Valour dar'd to roam,
Beyond our pleasant Fields and Native Home:
That on far Banks we would our Standards bear,
And wave our Colours in a *German* Air.
Had he forgot, what ancient Poets told,
How *Scipio* punish'd Perjury of Old?
Tho *Fabius*, willing to prolong his stay,
Pleads his *once* cautious, fortunate Delay:
Yet Victory whose Wings are us'd to fly,
Nor always hover in a Middle Sky,
Bears the young Hero, to the *Punick* Shores,
Removes the War, and *Italy* restores.
Mean-time the Duke, who for two long Campaigns
Had gain'd *dry* Conquests on the *Flandrian* Plains,
Now with swift Marches had the *Neckar* past:
Winds follow'd him, and scarce o'er-took at last

Tallard looks around, astonish'd; *Where!* he cries;
Where were the Mouths of Fame? Where Argus *Eyes?*
Those *hundred Eyes*, with which my Master sees
All Princes Counsels, were they blind to These?
O *Fame*, with list'ning Ears thou once wert hung;
Why were they deaf? Why silent ev'ry Tongue?
Is *England SECRET* grown? And then a Sigh,
Presaging, whisper'd that his Fall was nigh.
He eat his valiant Heart to see the Prey
He thought his own, so bravely snatch'd away.
With Doubts bewildred, angrily he stood,
And swell'd in vain: As in some *Libyan* Wood,
When a fell *Tyger* has a *Bull* in Chase,
A *Lyon* rushes, and retards his pace;
To nobler Teeth forc'd to resign the Prize;
He spurns the yellow Sand, and rends the Skies.

He growls, retiring with a feeble Rage,
Asham'd to fly, yet fearing to engage.

Now had the Moon twice wain'd; the fiery Sun
His crooked Race had thro' the Lion run,
While the Duke's Army, fortify'd to bear
The sultry Fury of the *barking Star*,
Five hundred Miles had with unwearied Feet
Measur'd, and cop'd with a whole Summer's Heat.
Tho' Thirst and Hunger call, yet none complain
Of the spoil'd Vineyard, or the pillag'd Grain.
Such Peace in Arms they to their Leader owe;
By His Example o'er steep Hills they go,
And cross wide Rivers swifter than they flow.

As Bees, united in a Cluster, flock,
Tho separate People, from a hollow Rock;
So round him divers-speaking Nations came;
Their Language various, their Consent the same.

The

The Faithful *Brunsw'er*, and the Hardy *Dane*,
The Valiant *Hessian*, with a smaller Train
Of Courages, to make the *Wonderful Campaign*.

And now behold two ready Armies meet,
Which, horrible to speak! in Thunder greet.
Be kind, ye Angels, who protect the State
Of *Europe*, and on *Britain's* Fortunes wait!
Spare not o'er *MARLBOROUGH's* important Head
Your Swords to brandish, and your Wings to spread;
For whom we pray, and tire the Power Above
With frequent Wishes for the Man we love;
For whom the tender Darling of his Breast
Sighs all the Day, and weeps the Stars to rest.
Who Fights abroad, while ANNA Prays at home,
And moves with Passion the *Windsorian Dome*:

For if she sighs, the Statues seem to groan;
And, at her Tears, hard Marbles sweat their own:
Concern and Greatness in her Looks are seen,
The *Loving Mother*, and *Defending* QUEEN.
Go, Muse, to ANNA, who thy Voice will hear,
Go, bid Her dry up ev'ry balmy Tear:
Tell how Her Arms all *Europe* have restor'd;
Tell how Her Pray'rs were stronger than the (Sword,
Then to the Hero's lov'd *Cornelia* fly,
Relate the *Schellenbergian* Victory.
But speak no farther, lest the dreadful Name
Of pointed Cannon fright the lovely Dame.
Yet say, What Man thro' the thick Squadrons (broke,
Smear'd with brave Dust and honourable Smoke;
Say how He Flames; as when some Town's on fire,
A lighted Beacon warns the Neighb'ring Shire.

The giddy Rout, this way and that way run,
Uncertain where to fly, or what to ſhun.
So fled the falſe *Elector*; conſcious grown
His Neighbour's Fate preluded to his Own.
He throws around him a diſtracted Look:
Behind him follows the Victorious DUKE;
So cloſe purſu'd, he would repent his Pride;
And bends, and wavers to the better ſide.
Then quickly changing his inconſtant Mind,
He yeilds, like *Oſiers*, to the *Northern Wind*.
When *Tallard*, ſtrengthen'd with a num'rous Force
Of freſh Battalions, and of *Houſhold* Horſe,
Comes pouring like a Torrent; ſuch a Hoſt
Deſerv'd our Swords; the beſt which *France* could boaſt.
He thought this Summer, like the laſt, would yeild
A plenteous Harveſt, and an equal Field:

He

He dreamt new Laurels growing on his Brow,
And that *chain'd Fortune* was oblig'd to bow.
Now the two Armies were in Battle rang'd,
And Death for Death, with mutual Shot exchang'd.
The *Sun* had told Eights Hours, and just began
To number out the Ninth to weary Man:
While Heav'n, to weigh whose Valour must prevail,
Hung o'er the Warriours Heads the doubtful Scale;
Till a kind Angel came, and at the Throne
Of God, approaching, threw a Royal Groan.
Till pious Sighs, drawn deep from *ANNA's* Breast,
Our Fate decided, and the Ballance press'd.
Then *EUGENE* thrice repuls'd, with double (might
Rebounded, like *Antæus*, to the Fight;
Reviving, as lopp'd *Elms* are us'd to grow
With second Youth, and flourish from the Blow.

The

The Fourth Attack to his Remembrance brought,
How he at *CARPI* and *LUZARA* fought.
How, nigh the Banks of *Padus* swelling Flood,
He dy'd *Ausonian* Fields with *Gallick* Blood.
Then Fame appear'd, and with her gilded Dart
Began to pierce the brave *Italian*'s Heart;
Then might you see him, like a Lion, spring
With nimble Rage, on the *Bavarian* Wing,
Stung with new Praise, impatient of Delay;
Not Groves of Pikes, not Showers of Fire could stay
His *Latian* Fortunes: Now th' *Elector* flies,
And to the hollow Vales for refuge cries:
Then, with the *Marshal*, to the Woods retreats,
To hide that Shame which every Tree repeats.
Nor were we hindmost in the Course of *Fame*,
Nor with less Zeal pursu'd the Noble Game.

Our

Our Left, as far as *England*'s Sons could do,
Copy'd their *Great Original* in View:
Who, with his Sword, where thickeſt Troops in-
(gage,
Leaves bloody Footſteps of his manly Rage.
Then for new Glory does Occaſion ſeek,
Rallies the Routed, and Recruits the Weak.
Watchful as Eagles, when a Danger's nigh,
As quick to ſee it, and as ſwift to fly:
As brave to dare, ſtill conſtant in Succeſs;
Great in his Preſence, nor in Abſence leſs.
As *Leda*'s Son, conceal'd from mortal Sight,
Still ſhines in Conſort with Fraternal Light;
So in his Brother is the DUKE the ſame,
And *Fortune* flies if ſhe hear *CHURCHILL*'s
(Name.

Go,

Go, Muſe, and hail him; From *BLEINHEIM* he comes;
Hark! how the heartning Trumpets and the Drums
Sound him Victorious! ſee! pale Generals yield
Their Thouſands to the *Genius of the Field*:
Gowram is there, and from his heap of Spoils,
Looks down, and ſmiles on thy officious Toils.
To him reſign up thy *Parnaſſian* Care;
In *Mars* and Thee, he has the largeſt Share.
Scarce can we know in which he does excell,
So bravely will he Fight, and Sing ſo well.
Should kind *Bellona* ſo much leiſure give,
(If in his Verſe they could obtain to live)
Heroes contented would receive their Doom,
And march unmourn'd, and joyful to the Tomb.
Now go, where Death, upon the ſmoky Plain,
Grins, eminent o'er Mountains of the Slain;

There

There ſure, and only there, may *WOOD* be found,
With Blood and Carcaſſes incompaſs'd round:
WOOD us'd to Danger, but unus'd to fear,
Equal as Juſtice, and as Truth ſincere.
No braver Man e'er drew an *Engliſh* Sword,
None truer to his Country, and his Word.

Could I but promiſe my Poetick Page,
Would reach the Heroes of a future Age,
Palmes, *Wilkins*, *Ingaldsby*, and *North* ſhould ſhine,
With *Webb* and *Orkney*, in my deathleſs Line.

But the DUKE calls: What Dangers does he court!
War has been gameſom yet, and ſeem'd to ſport;
For now broke looſe from all her brazen Chains,
O'er riſing Mountains, and o'er ſubject Plains.
The *Fury* ſtrides abroad, and *Abitrary* reigns.

Fear

Fear in the Front, her sure Fore-runner, goes;
And grisly Death behind whole *Squadrons* mows
Twice Fifteen Hundred gallant Youths, as brave
As *France* could boast, (which might a Nation save
From gaping Ruin, nor have mist Success;
Had Holy *ANNA*'s Piety been less,
Or less the Hero's Valour.) These in vain
Of their despair'd and hapless Fate complain.
QUEEN *ANN*, we cry, QUEEN *ANN*, the Vales resound;
To Heav'n loud Peals ascend, and *Æther* wound
Terribly loud our Acclamations drove
The frighted Foes below, and Clouds above.
Here Angels throw Distraction, as they fled,
There dart new Beams upon the *General*'s Head:
Who now, collected in himself, was seen;
His Laurels, amidst all the Thunder, Green.

(Where

Where shall the routed Horse Protection find,
Before them Water, and the Fire behind?
Between two Elements amaz'd they stood,
Till headlong *push'd*, they flounce and plunge the (rapid Flood.
Tallard alone, of all his Strength forsook,
Bows to the *Greater Genius* of the DUKE.
Surprizing Horrour in the rest appears,
Nor can the bravest Heart conceal his Fears;
Nor can they thus their sudden Fate prevent;
By trusting to a milder Element.
For bright *Asariel*, (who, by Heaven's Decree,
Can bind the Floods, or set their Torrents free;
At whose Command the Surges of the Deep,
Awaken'd, bellow, or retire to sleep;
Thus to *Danubius* spoke; Erect thy Head,
Thou *Ancient River*, from thy sedgy Bed.

See!

See! where the florid Host of *Gallick* Pride
Disturbs thy Waters, and insults thy Tide:
Call all thy Springs and Fountains to thy Aid,
Left meaner Rivers thy weak force upbraid:
With thy whole strength surround the hostile Prey,
And imitate old *Nilus*'s sweepy way.
Vain all their graceful Looks, nor shall the sight
Of dazling Arms prevail, nor Valour fright:
If they attempt with feeble Hands to row,
Swell o'er their Heads, and plunge them deep below!
No mourning Friends their Bodies shall inter,
Be thou their Winding-sheet, and Sepulchre.

Danubius heard, and with Impetuous force
Collecting strength, lash'd the resounding shore:
The *Watry War* begins: With boiling wrath
He urges forward his *Victorious* Troops
The proud *Gens d'Arms*, who hop'd their Lives to save,
And find protection from the fleeting Wave,
Deluded thus, in wild confusion sunk,

And with vain blows afflict the paſſive Stream.
The *River* then, diſcharging on his Foes,
Mud, Sand, and Stones, his whole Artillery throws
From his vex'd bottom; ſome with violent ſtrokes
He head-long bears; ſome with hurl'd Gravel chokes.
With idle Swords ſome think to ward the blow,
Of billows breaking on their Heads below;
Others, deſpairing, rowl their ghaſtly Eyes
Tow'rds higheſt Heav'n and blame the cruel Skies.
Mean time the generous Horſe of Warlike ſtrain,
Unus'd to trample on the *Liquid Plain*,
Fearfully neighs; the Silver foam around
Snorting againſt the Banks, the Banks reſound.
Till vainly fretting in his martial Breaſt,
A Mountain-Wave o'erwhelms the Noble Beaſt.
He and his Rider drown; the following weight
Of ſlain oppreſs them, and enſure their Fate.
For our quick ſhot, pour'd from the River's brink
Sends Crowds below; they now by hundreds ſink;

While

While frequent Carcasses, and Foam, and Blood,
(A horrid mixture) fattens all the Flood.
Wives for their Husbands, Mothers for their Sons,
At home lament in never-ceasing Moans;
The tender Virgins for their Lovers weep,
Who under Hills of noisy Waters sleep,
No Earth their Bones preserves; no Urns their
(Ashes keep.
In troubled Mud they perish and consume,
And heaps of Billows are their flowing Tomb.
Hear, O *Bavarian Licus*, as you swell
Danubius, say how thy false Master fell.
Bear it to *Dravus*, let *Tibiscus* hear,
And sound it in the *Transilvanian*'s Ear:
Tell him, whose Squadrons, trusting to the Wave,
Their fancied Friend, obtain'd a real Grave.
Tell him, that Princes, who on *France* rely,
Thus seek their Ruin, who for Refuge fly.

But if the World by Tyranny oppreſt,
Begins to Groan, and heave its throbbing Breaſt;
If the ſad Sound reach *ANNA*'s pitying Ear,
Be ſtill, ye Nations, and forget to fear.
If Empires mourn, Her *MARLBOROUGH* is ſent
To ſtop their Tears, and calm the Continent.
If the wrong'd *Auſtrian* to Her Standard run,
She ſaves the Father, and enthrones the Son.
If we be law Storm ſome important Fort,
She ſcates the Skies above, and ſhakes the Heav'nly Court.
Where'er the Wretched for Her Succour call,
The Equal Mother is alike to All;
Not raw in ills, nor ignorant of Grief,
She ſpreads Her Wings abroad, and ſends Relief;
Her Colours fly, where they ne'er flew before,
Fierce Quarrels to decide, and Right reſtore.
If, when repairing to *Imperial Aid*,
The *Bloody Croſs* of *England* is diſplay'd,

On

On the *Moselle*, the *Danube*, or the *Rhine*,
Descending Angels bless the sacred Sign,
And happy Omens give, as once to *Constantine*;
When proud *Maxentius* with his Hellish Crew,
The new-born Christian into *Tyber* threw.

Now weary Death's Commission was expir'd,
And the Pale Glutton with the DUKE, retir'd;
War's Trumpet to Retreat was softly blown,
When Fame began to rattle with her own:
From th' obscure Village of *Blenheim* she came,
(Obscure of old but now a noted Name,)
Then o'er high Hills, o'er Seas, o'er Earth she flew.
Her Voice grew louder, as her Motion grew.
As smother'd Flames in nightly embers sleep,
When wretched Man *Morphean* Fetters keep,
Till bursting forth the secret Robber preys
On Houses first, then Towns in Ruin lays,
While forward Winds assist the waken'd Blaze:

Or as when *Eurus*, or when *Auster* pent
In ſubterranean Caverns, ſtrain for vent;
Till, with ſoft Whiſpers breaking into Birth,
They roar, inlarg'd, and ſhake the frighted Earth.
Such Rumour was; ſo ſhook the Skies around;
The vaulted Skies rebellow'd with the ſound.
Then from their Toils below, the Guardian Hoſt
With Sailing wings made for the Starry Coaſt;
And there recounted how obedient They
Diſcharg'd the Buſineſs of th' Important Day.
Heav'n with repeated *Hallelujah*'s rung,
And Saints the Triumphs of God's Vengeance ſung;
They ſung the Arrows from his angry Bow,
Wet with the Blood of Tyranny below.
How, for their Prince's crime, his awful Might
Tumbles proud Empires from their Airy height.
How Kingdoms flouriſh where good Monarchs ſway,
Who Rule, like *ANNA*, and like *ANNA*, Pray.

Surely

Surely the Father of all Power design'd
That softest Image of His Heavenly Mind,
To still the jarring World, and bless Mankind.
Ah happy *Albion!* cou'dst Thou justly prize
So great a Gift, and Favour of the Skies,
Nor *Hell*, nor *France* should baffle a design
Form'd by a Senate, and a *Queen*, like Thine:
A *Queen*, who moves Heaven's Everlasting Throne,
To hear whose Voice fair Angels stop their own.
If future Victories thou mean'st to prove,
She speaks Below the Dialect Above.
Let all your Courage, all your Counsels fall
On proud *Castile*, and yet unhumbled *Gaul*;
Let not that Bane of Nations, Strife and Pride,
Or in your Senate or your Hearts reside.
Bethesda's Stream should now be calm and Cool,
Expect no second *Angel* at the Pool.
In the vext Spring no Vertue is conceal'd,
The Waters were but once disturb'd, and heal'd.

United

United Minds alone can *France* defeat,
Her Armies vanquish, and her Navy beat;
So shall Your *Albion* by Sea prevail,
So shall conspiring Winds on every Sail
Blow with a gentle and propitious Gale.
So Frightning *Dutch*, and *Belgia* shall be seen,
When *Rocks* and *Sholes* plough the Watry Green
Neptune blushing shall behold them go
Beyond his Pillars, and his Tyle out-do.

So *Glorious Duke*, when in th' approaching Year
Thy Arms and Fortunes shall in *France* appear,
Plantagenets shall thy Attendants be,
And New *Black Princes* shall arise in thee.
I see their Angels hover o'er thy Head,
And Ancient Vertue rising from the Dead.
Heav'n shall for Thee such Miracles produce,
And Fate confirm the Promise of the Muse.

FINIS.

ON THE
DUKE
OF
MARLBOROUGH.

AS *Rome*, her Consuls and Triumvirs past,
Became the Mistress of the World at last:
So *Marlborough* by smaller Steps began,
So through each Honour of an Army ran,
Till Time had finish'd the Heroick Man.
Whom Nature fashion'd with a double Care;
Here Courage sow'd, and manly Beauty there,
To conquer Kings, or win the conquering Fair.
Returning Summers hence fresh Triumphs bring,
Hence for his Brows new Groves of Laurel spring.

Campaigns are ended with ſubſtantial Praiſe,
And every Year breeds new *Thankſgiving-Days*:
Not for feign'd Conqueſts (a Pretence to bleſs)
Shadows of War, and Ecchoes of Succeſs.

Nor Love of Camps alone ingroſs his Heart;
The Son of *Thetis* had his human Part.
Mars may unwounded thro' whole Squadrons fly,
But finds no Fence from *Cytherea*'s Eye.
Ador'd in Courts, but to be fear'd in Arms,
The Hero frightens, and the Courtier charms.
Yet Eaſe and Pleaſure he reſigns to Fame,
His Mind unſhaken ſtands the hotteſt Flame,
In Battle and in Cabinet the ſame.
He fears no Danger and no Labour ſpares,
But toils and ſweats to eaſe *Britannia*'s Cares,
Like *Atlas*, wakeful as the Stars he bears.

Active

Active his Soul, and like the Heavenly Sphere,
Unwearied, tho' revolving all the Year.
Such is the Prince, who *WILLIAM*'s room supplies,
In Action fearless, and in Councel wise.
Consencing Nations with united Voice,
Applauded *WILLIAM*'s Judgment in his Choice.

When *Ammon*'s boasted Son expiring lay,
Disposing of the World's disputed Sway;
Let him, said he, succeed in *Asia*'s Throne,
Who has no Equal, and can rule Alone.
His Captains justly of themselves despair,
And cautiously the parted Empire share.
So *Belgium*, anxious for her drooping Lord,
A Successor, a new *Nassaw* implor'd;

To lead her Troops, and take her injur'd Part,
One with the coolest Head, and warmest Heart.
Th' Heroic Prince with a Divine Foresight
Cry'd, *Marlborough* will do your Nation right,
For he is cool to think, and warm to fight.
Thus, glorious Duke, Great *William* did out-do
His former Triumphs, and, like *Sampson*, slew
More by his Death than Life, in chusing You.

EUGENIUS.

EUGENIUS.

——Totos infusa per artus

Major in exiguo regnabat corpore Virtus.

SO *Tydeus* look'd, when, single, He oppos'd
The *perjur'd Brother*, with his Guards inclos'd;
When fifty Traytors by his Valour slain,
Their Length had measur'd on the *Theban* Plain;
Of Stature low, but of a Soul so high,
It tower'd from whence it came, and reach'd the Skie.

Heroic Spirits are of Heavenly Birth,
Gyants alone are Off-springs of the Earth:

Whoſe Figures may ſuprize, but are no odds
Oppos'd to Heaven, and Adverſary-Gods.
Their Heighth exceeds the Level of Mankind,
But leſſer Bodies ſhare a larger Mind.
As in a Glaſs the crowding Sun-beams meet,
Small is the Point, but violent the Heat.

Such is the Man, whom *Germany* has lent
To bridle *France*, and curb the Continent:
To whom kind Heaven Valour and Prudence gave,
Cool, but not Dull, and without Raſhneſs, Brave.
Stout like *Achilles*, like *Ulyſſes* wiſe,
Who ſeeks not Danger, nor from Danger flyes.
A Life of ſo much Moment and Import,
Should not be Chance's Truſt, nor Fortune's Sport.

The Son of *Atreus*, whom belcaguer'd *Troy*
Did twice five Years in a long Siege employ,

Wiſh'd

Wiſh'd for ten *Neſtors* to reduce the Place;
Hadſt Thou, Great Man! liv'd in thoſe Antique Days,
To leſſer room he had his Wiſh confin'd,
Bleſt with ten *Neſtors* in Thy Single Mind.

Go, Dauntleſs Prince, and ſtem the Gallick Rage,
Act in one Year the Buſineſs of an Age.
Tho' ſmall the Span of Life, yet courteous Fate,
With greater Souls requites our ſhorter Date.
Tho' no new Inſtance in the World appears
Of Pylian Age, and Patriarchal Years;
Yet if our Time by Action number'd be,
H' has liv'd Three hundred, who has fought like Thee.

ON THE

Electoral Prince

OF

HANOVER.

TO pleasing Pastures the untry'd Lyon flies,
And makes the tim'rous Deer his Virgin Prize.
Till from the Herd some Princely Prey he draws,
And tempts the noble Brute with firmer Claws.
So *Hanover* bids early for Renown,
So learns to merit the *Britannick* Crown.

If

If *Anna* Childleſs ſhould ſubmit to Fate,
(But may that Day, that fatal Day, be late.)
To hear how valiant young *Auguſtus* fought,
When Fame in Blood with adverſe Breaſt he fought;
(When Poets of his Acts at *Scaldis* tell)
Will make our future Sons turn Infidel.

His unus'd Sword when his firſt Valour drew,
From the falſe Prince, diſtinguiſhing the true;
He dar'd the *Gallick* Flames with ſteddy Eye,
As Parent Eagles their new Off-ſpring try,
By the Sun's Faith, and Judgment of the Sky.
None ſure, but She who wears the Royal Robe,
So well deſerves the Scepter and the Globe:
As He deſcending from the *Britiſh* Gem,
Exalted to th' Imperial Diadem.

If

If to a Conclave Modern Rome affight,
The certain Help of Influence Divine,
God sure to this Succession gave Consent,
And breath'd upon th' Adopting Parliament.

AMPHION.

AMPHION.

An Ode on the Death of Dr. Blow.

I.

HARK! How the doleful, Funeral Bell
Proclaims *Amphion*'s Last Farewell.
His Dust resign'd to guilty Death,
But Heaven has claim'd his skilful Breath.
While *Orpheus* tunes the Starry Lyre,
The troubled Spheres *Amphion*'s Aid require.

II.

Ye Sons of the melodious Art,
Pay at his Tomb this grateful Part.
Sing how the Soul of Harmony is fled;
Lament in softest Moans,
In dying Sighs, expiring Groans;
Amphion Father of all Musick's dead.

Who

III.

Who ſhall inſtruct the ſacred Choir?
The Noble Organ who inſpire?
In Languiſhment *Euſebia* lies,
She bows her Mitred Head and dyes.
Griev'd that her tuneful Darling is no more;
Till fill'd with equal Flame
Some Happier Youth, the fainting Dame
With Anthems, like his Own, to Life Reſtore.

IV.

Sleep, Dear Remains! till Muſick call,
Till the Laſt Trumpet waken All.
To yon bright Realm, ſweet Soul! repair,
Angelick Youths expect you there.
Timotheus and *Cecilia* wait,
To meet Thee at the Chryſtal-Gate.
And, in Amends for what Thou didſt below,
With Heavenly Airs repay

The

The Gratitude they owe,

And teach thy raviſh'd Soul in their Seraphic Way.

Adieu, *Amphion!* and purſue
Thy Journey with deſiring Flight,
To the new Joys of bliſsful Light,
Which charm the Ear, and pleaſe the Sight.
Adieu, Amphion! *long Adieu!*

Out

Out of *Horace*. Ode 3. B. 13.

O Fons Blanduſiæ, Splendidior vitro.

I.

Blanduſia, gentle, *Sabin* Spring!
The Clearneſs of whoſe Brooks below,
Out-vies the Chryſtal, as they flow;
Worthy the Sacrifice we bring.
An Offering of the nobleſt Wine,
With roſy Garlands crown'd, is Thine.
For Thee to Morrow ſhall be ſlain
A Kid, which wantons on the Plain.
While his firſt Horns begin to ſprout,
Prepar'd to call his Rival out.
In vain he meditates the Fight,
In vain his Blood does Love excite;

With

With which To-Morrow's Rising Sun,
Shall see thy Rivers crimson run.

II.

The fiery Dog with raging Heat
On Thee, chast Nymph! does vainly beat:
For thy refreshing Streams below
And Shade above, defy the Blow.
To thee the straying Cattle run,
And Noon-tide Rays of Summer shun.
Thou dost their burning Thirst assuage;
The weary Ox, from Labour free,
And loose from Plough, repairs to Thee,
To save him from the Lyon's Rage.

III.

If I attempt to sing the Oak,
Which over-shades the hollow Rock,
From whence thy prattling Waters flow,
In will Eternity bestow;

Thou

Thou in my Verſe ſhalt ever live,
As much as Poets Verſe can give
To *Pharian Nilus*, or the Starry *Po*.

OF
VAIN WISHES.

From the Latin of a Young Gentleman of Eaton.

BY Error led, Unwary Minds purſue
Imagin'd Pleaſure, and Neglect the True;
Things far remote from ſolid Good deſire,
And what's Deſtructive, to themſelves requiſite.
They gain their Wiſh, but curſe the falſe Embrace,
And find a Cloud in Royal *Juno*'s Place.
The buſie World's inquiſitive to know,
To what ſtrange Spring their Happineſs they owe,
Which like *Nile*'s ſecret Head, unknown does flow.

Some

Some Court, like *Midas*, Gold's alluring Charms,
Some, like *Pelides*, Honour ſeek in Arms.
Unhappy both, who both their Wiſh enjoy'd,
By glittering Gold, and ſhining Arms deſtroy'd.

Others, that Wealth's the chiefeſt Good, maintain,
And periſh in the mad Purſuit of Gain.
Others, ambitious of a laſting Name,
With certain Danger hunt uncertain Fame.
Nor leſs their Frenzy, who affect a Crown,
To ſave with Smiles, and murder with a Frown.
Wiſe by Experience, they too late will know
The painful Pageantry of Scepter'd Woe.
The Purple o'er their Shoulders may be ſpread,
And ſparkling Diadems adorn their Head.

But all within is Fear, and anxious Care,
Which the vex'd Heart, like greedy Vultures, tear.
Then will they curſe their Wiſhes, ſad Extreams,
Their empty Fancies, and beguiling Dreams.
As a poor Wretch, whom a long Faſt has curſt
With gnawing Hunger, and tormenting Thirſt,
Rich in his Sleep, riots on Sumptuous Meals,
Toils at the Bowl, and flowing *Bacchus* ſwills:
But, waken'd from his fancied Feaſt, he mourns,
His Hunger tortures, and his Thirſt returns.
Such He, whoſe Paradiſe in Empire lies;
The gaudy *Opera* deludes his Eyes,
Till the Scene ſhuts, and the falſe Viſion flies.

But leſt for Subſtance you miſtake the Shape,
By fondly flying to the painted Grape:
Unmask the Things, their real In-ſide view,
Which, if (when naked) they can charm, purſue.

If

If not, transfer your Love, to Heaven repair,

Who always liſtens to a modeſt Prayer.

A healthy Body and contented Mind,

A Dove-like Innocence with Prudence joyn'd,

A pure, but honeſt, active Eaſe implore;

Take what kind Heaven beſtows, and ask no more.

Confine your Will to Things within your Power,

Nor boldly Hope, nor dread your latter Hour.

Gold, Honour, Empire, for a time amaze,

And flaſh, like Lightning, with a tranſient Blaze;

But *Nobler Vertue*, like the Veſtal Fire,

Burns with a chaſter Flame, and never can Expire.

FINIS.

CONTENTS.

To His Majesty in Imitation of Horace, *Ode* 15. *lib.* 4. Page 1

A Pindaric Ode, occasion'd by the Succession of Spain, *the Wars in the* North, *and the Juncture of Affairs in the Year of our Lord* 1700, *in the* 13*th of the Reign of King* William *the Third*, 7

Nicander: *A Pastoral Elegy lamenting the Death of that Victorious Monarch* William *the Third, who Dy'd on the Eighth Day of* March, 170$\frac{1}{2}$, *Inscribed to the Right Honourable* Charles *Lord* Hallifax, 27

Vigovia: *A Poem occasion'd by the Success of Her Majesty's Forces by Sea and Land: Under the Command of the Duke of* Ormond, *General, and Sir* George Rook, *Admiral*, 44

The Portugal *Expedition* February 170$\frac{3}{4}$, *on King* Charles *the Third's Voyage to Recover the Dominions of* Spain, *Usurp'd by the Duke of* Anjou, 55

On the Birth of the Duke of Britany, 61

The Passion: Mirrha Orphus *relates the Story in* Ovid *Metam.* I. *to* v. 300. *Beginning* 63

The Power of Beauty to Seriphina, 86

The

CONTENTS.

The Despairing Lover: Imitated from the Greek of Theocrite's Idillum 23, 96
The Fair Infidel, 105
To William Jordan *of* Gatwick, *Esq*; Horace's 9th *Ode*, B. 2. *Imitated* May *the 29th*, 1705, 110
To Stephen Harvey *Esq*; *in Imitation of* Horace's *Ode*, Book 3. 117
An Epithalamium, 122
On a Lady of a Voice incomparably Sweet, who died young, 129
Dauphine's *Denial*, 128
A Dithyrambick: Imitated from the Greek *of* Bacchylides, 129
Love and Musick: An Ode for the Entertainment of a Musical Club in Cambridge, 1700. *The two first Stanza's and the last, are set to the Musick by Mr.* Quarles *of* Trinity-College, 134
On a Gentleman drawing his own Picture, Sept. 1703, 141
The Repeater, out of Martial, 1. 3 Ep. 31, 143
The Ass, from Monsieur Fontain, 146
An Ode out of Anacreon, 149
The 103 Psalm *paraphras'd*, 151
The 130 Psalm *paraphras'd*, 159
The 148 Psalm *paraphras'd*, 163
On the ceasing of the Oracles upon the Birth of our Blessed Saviour, 171
To his Friend on the following Poem, 175
Of Poetry: First, Its Antiquity. 2d. The Progress. 3d. Its Improvement. A Poem, 176
A Poem occasion'd by the late Victories obtain'd over the French and Bavarians, by the Forces of the Allies, under

CONTENTS.

Under the Command of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough,
On the Duke of Marlborough,
Eugenius,
On the Electoral Prince of Hanover,
Amphion: An Ode in the Death of Dr. Blow,
Out of Horace, *Ode* 3. *B.* 13.
Of Vain Wishes: From the Latin of a young Gentleman of Eaton,